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# Scottie and HIS LADY

by

ret Morse

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# SCOTTIE AND HIS LADY

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# BOOK I

## THE KENNELS

# SCOTTIE AND HIS LADY

## I

### THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM

"GET out, you little pryin', pesterin' pup, you!"

A woman's harsh voice broke discordantly on the crisp morning air, and a woman's broom-wielding arm swept a small object dexterously through the kitchen doorway. A fluffy yellow ball rolled down the steps and fell in a soft heap on the path below. Presently it struck out four very shaky paws, scrambled upon them, and stood peering up at the scene of disaster with gentle, bewildered eyes.

When Scottie's brothers knocked him down in rough play they always sniffed him over anxiously to make sure no harm was done. So he now stood with head raised and ears pricked expectantly forward, waiting for the aggressor to appear and explain herself. Apparently,

however, she must belong to some superior class which deems an apology unnecessary. She did not return, and a vigorous sound of sweeping suggested to Scottie that a wise dog would not risk a repetition of an unsuccessful experiment. After a few rather lonesome attempts at play, he cuddled down in a snug corner by the steps, and was soon asleep.

This was Scottie's first view of the world. Hitherto his life had been spent within narrow kennel walls. There was a door leading from a compartment into a small yard, where on pleasant days he romped with his brothers. The yard was inclosed by a slatted fence which the venturesome might climb with their hind feet braced on a low cross board. Between the slats were inviting cracks through which they could try to wriggle their fat bodies. This was an endless source of amusement to the three puppies, but Scottie was the weakest of the trio and could not climb as high as the others. When they all fell backwards, as they invariably did, he always found himself at the bottom of the pile. After the mass of yellow and

white fluff had disentangled itself he would run to his mother, who constantly was watching them. He never complained of his brothers' rough treatment, and she never reproached them for it. She simply sat ready to help if needed, and to nose Scottie over before encouraging him to go on with his play. Scottie's earliest remembrance was of this rough-and-tumble game in the sunny yard, and of resting cuddled up to his mother when the scrimmage grew too intense.

One day was scarcely distinguishable from another in this quiet, well-ordered life where playing, eating, and sleeping followed each other in regular succession, until at last the time came when the puppies were to catch their first glimpse of the world. It was upon this occasion also that Scottie received his name.

Early in the morning of his adventure with the broomstick, the keeper of the kennels and a strange man came into the pen. The stranger, who had keen eyes and a protruding under jaw, cast one sweeping glance at Scottie, then turned contemptuously to the keeper.

"That's no show dog!" he said. "You'll never get no medals off of him."

"I know it," the keeper answered with regret in his voice. "You're an odd one," he said, patting the puppy not unkindly. "You're no credit to the best collie blood in the country. You can't be registered under a family name. This here is Bruce, and this Rob Roy II," he said, designating the other two puppies. "They'll have to win the prizes for the family."

"They're all right!" the stranger said, turning a professional eye upon the puppies' broad chests and long noses; then he gave a dismissing glance at the outcast, who had crowded up against his mother for comfort.

"You'll have to call him Scottie, I guess," he said jocosely, "to show that he's got any Scotch blood in him at all."

When their inspection was finished, the keeper lifted all the puppies over the fence. Their mother sprang out after them, fondling them anxiously, then running back to lick her master's hand, whimpering softly.

"Leave 'em alone, Bess, old girl!" he said.

"Let 'em take care of themselves. We 'll watch 'em at a safe distance."

So he led her away, but she ran back several times before she could be persuaded to follow him.

This was a wonderful new world which suddenly had opened for the three puppies. They thrust their heads in air, sniffing the strong fresh breeze, then they capered about, knocking each other down with clumsy, velvety paws, and rolling over and over together in the soft grass.

As usual Scottie was underneath, and when he at last got upon his feet, very shaky and breathless, it was to see Bruce and Rob Roy disappearing over the crest of the hill, cantering side by side like a harnessed team. Scottie started in pursuit, but the open country stretching before him was too vast and lonely. His legs wobbled uncertainly and he sank down in the driveway, which somehow seemed more homelike, forlorn and dejected. Nobody came, so after a while he started upon a tour of his own. He saw a narrow, safe-seeming path and

followed it patiently, now and then sitting down to rest when his legs gave out unexpectedly. At length a big building loomed before him, and a friendly open door. Scottie clambered up the steps, pushing with his hind feet as he had learned to do in the pen, and clutching frantically with his fore paws. Finally after many set-backs he gained the top, and sat waiting in the doorway, a tired, wistful little object. Soon he heard approaching footsteps, and he wriggled his fat body in friendly expectation. Then it was that the broom-woman came, and swept him out as though he were a lump of dirt.

Scottie slept peacefully in the sun. Suddenly his dreams were rudely broken by a scuffling sound on the gravel. He tumbled to his feet, fearing an attack from above, but it was only his brothers returning from their expedition. They were full of excitement, and pressed up against Scottie with their heads laid flat to his while they told him all the wonderful things they had seen and done.

"And we 're tired of the pen," finished Bruce,

who an hour before had played there in perfect contentment. "We're going to live outside now; so will you if you're any good."

Instead of being weary after their run, they seemed to have acquired new strength in their sturdy limbs. They made rushes at Scottie, then raced about him in widening circles, and when he sank down to rest they closed in upon him and rolled him over. It was the roughest scrimmage that Scottie ever had known. In the midst of it, the keeper, the broom-woman, who proved to be his wife, and their small boy appeared with Bess, an anxious and quivering spectator, at their heels. She would have rescued Scottie, but was stopped by her master. "Let them be!" he said. "Let's see if he's good for anything."

So Scottie kept at it, though all the wind seemed knocked out of his fat sides, and his mouth was full of choking fur.

At last Bruce and Rob Roy had enough of it, and they all sank down in a soft mass together. Then the keeper picked them up in his arms and bundled them unceremoniously back

into the pen. Bess capered joyfully before them.

Bruce and Rob Roy had much to talk over about their adventures, but Scottie was glad to cuddle up to his mother and fall asleep with his head against her soft breast.

# II

## SPRINGTIME

The early spring days were happy ones for Scottie. Although his brothers grew daily more independent and less friendly, his mother never changed, and when let out of the kennels they were allowed to ramble over the big place together. Those were free, careless days when after scampering over the hillsides they took a plunge in the cooling brook, then stretched out in the warm sunshine to rest and perhaps to catch a short nap.

Bess taught Scottie how to shake himself after his bath, then to race in circles over the short grass until his coat was dry and glossy. Scottie imitated everything that his mother did. He fitted his stride to hers as they trotted side by side on the grass, or broke into a clumsy canter in imitation of her graceful lope. Gradually, as he became sure of his legs, his gait grew more like hers. He noted the level

at which she held her delicate head and how she carried her tail, a waving plume, straight behind her. All this he learned to do, awkwardly at first but with sure and steady improvement. He thought that perhaps if he learned and put in practice all that his mother could teach him, he might in time equal his brothers and not be a disgrace to his family after all. So he kept happily and persistently at work.

Sometimes in their rambles they would start up a rabbit and chase it squealing to its lair. Usually Bess held back a little and urged Scottie forward, but his wobbly legs never could overtake the rabbit, which would hop cheerfully into its hole. Once, however, Bess shot in ahead, caught the rabbit deftly by the neck, and with a quick shake snapped its back, after it had uttered but one imploring shriek. It lay at their feet, wet and limp, and Bess turned it over with her nose and showed Scottie how to make sure it was quite dead. Scottie felt very proud of his mother and said so, but she answered him rather sadly that she was

growing old and stiff for that kind of sport. She had done this for him because she considered it a necessary part of his training.

"Oh, you'll be good for many a rabbit hunt yet!" Scottie answered her cheerily.

There were of course other dogs at the kennels, some of whom were friendly and some quite the reverse. Scottie's mother, having a sweet disposition, was on good terms with almost every one. She had, however, one enemy, — Vixen, a collie of about her own size and color. The feud was one which Scottie did not understand and which his mother never had explained to him, but he believed that it had arisen out of some old jealousy. Whenever they met they would approach each other with stiffened legs and bristling backs, and Scottie would look in wonderment at his mother's usually gentle mouth curled into an ugly snarl.

"Why don't you give it to her?" Scottie asked Bess after one of these encounters. He had been circling around, anxiously watching the manœuvres of the two, who finally had stalked away in opposite directions. Each with

an alert eye covered the retreat of the other to guard against a possible renewal of attack.

"My son," Bess answered him solemnly, "never provoke a fight, but if you are once in, never let go."

This maxim Scottie pondered and took to heart. Meantime he learned to bristle his hair, to stiffen his legs, and to straighten his tail, feeling sure that some day it would be required of him to fight his mother's battle with the yellow collie.

Soon after this, for Scottie was fast growing up, he and his brothers began to have daily training by the keeper of the kennels. This confining work was irksome to him after the free life he had led with his mother, and though he was taught to fetch and carry, to charge and come to heel, it all seemed dull in comparison with his mother's teachings. Also when he was stupid the keeper punished him roughly, while his mother always had shown him patiently how to improve his mistakes.

Once when the puppies were left by their master's command to await his return, the small

boy inveigled Scottie away to play with him, and when the keeper returned he whipped Scottie soundly for his disobedience. The dog gazed reproachfully at the small boy, but the child would not confess his misdeed and evidently considered it a huge joke to have so neatly avoided punishment.

Scottie crept to his mother afterwards and poured out to her his feelings about the injustice of mankind.

"They're stronger than we," he told her, "and so they think they must bully us."

"Not always," his mother answered him. "Sometimes they are our best friends. I had a dear master once, but that was long ago."

"What happened?" Scottie asked, pressing his cool nose against her cheek.

"He went away, and his family lost their money, and they sold me to this keeper. He's not a bad master, but it's a pretty hard life just having puppies and losing them over and over again. I'm growing old too, and I only hope that when I'm no more use to them, they'll put me out of the way. It's hard for old

dogs who have lived a faithful life to linger on when their day is done."

Scottie did not understand quite all this, but he knew that his mother was sad and needed comfort, so he snuggled up to her and pressed his nose against hers.

"I hope," Bess continued, "that you will some day have a loving master or mistress, for there is no greater happiness than that for a dog."

"Is n't there?" Scottie asked vaguely. Nothing in his experience had taught him the kindness of human beings. His mother was the best friend he had. Besides, he was daily training himself so that he might some day surprise them and compete with his brothers for the honor of his family.

# III

## DISAPPOINTMENT

When the puppies were eight months old, the man with the keen eyes and the square jaw came again to see them. Bruce and Rob Roy had grown into broad-chested, strong-limbed fellows, larger than their mother, and even Scottie had made wonderful development. This apparently impressed the keeper so favorably that when he called the dogs out to be inspected he added carelessly, "Come along, Scottie. We may as well find out what he thinks of you."

Scottie trotted cheerfully in the rear. He was not envious of his handsome brothers. He knew well he was not their equal. He only hoped that he might pass muster so not to be a family disgrace. He watched eagerly as the man knelt before the two dogs, the better to note each fine point: the broad brow and long, delicate nose, the deep chest, the slender,

muscular legs, the plumy tail; then he ran his fingers through the yellow coat, each hair of which was fine and smooth as silk.

"The two best collies I've seen this long time," he pronounced. "They'll beat their sire."

Bruce and Rob Roy stood in dignified silence, but Scottie, who hitherto had kept in the background, now capered up to them to offer his congratulations. The name of their father, whom they never had seen, because he always was traveling from show to show, was a name to conjure with at the kennels.

At this movement the stranger noticed Scottie for the first time. "Why! here's the little feller!" he exclaimed. "He's not a bad sort after all. Let's have a look at him."

Scottie trotted up with a friendliness and lack of dignity which alone would have ruined his chance as a prize winner. The man examined him carefully as he had examined the other dogs.

"Not bad," he pronounced finally, "but just falls short of requirements. Nose not quite

long enough, chest not quite broad enough, in fact not large enough in any way. Good coat — but "— and he slid his fingers through it — "where in thunder did he get that curl!" It was true; in Scottie's silky hair was a slight ripple which stubbornly had defied all efforts at repression.

The keeper nodded. "I knew he would n't pass," he remarked carelessly. "Can't expect a litter to be all perfect. He'll make a good dog for somebody, just the same."

"Sure he will," agreed the other heartily. "Pity though," he added, reverting to his own point of view, which was the only one which interested him, "for he's got the most perfectly marked head of any of 'em."

He then dismissed Scottie with a friendly slap. Nobody paid any further attention to him. The men lingered to arrange matters concerning the two other dogs. The dogs lingered to hear their fine points praised and discussed.

Scottie slunk away by himself. This then was the outcome of all his hopes and dreams.

He, the son of Rob Roy, the best all-round collie in the country, was no better than a street cur. He was an outcast from the family of McGregor, that long line which for generations had won distinction among its kind. For the first time in his life Scottie could not bear to go to his mother. He thought that she more than any one else would feel the disgrace of his failure. But that is not the way with mothers. As he sat moping by himself in a dark corner, she came to him.

"I've been looking for you everywhere," she told him. "Let's run down to the brook together."

As Scottie cantered along by her side he felt some of his youthful spirit reviving. It was weeks since they had been free to do this sort of thing. Soon they were having their old refreshing plunge in the clear water, their old mad gallop across the grass, then they sank down in the sunshine together and Scottie poured out his story.

"Dear child," his mother told him as he finished, and raised his great wistful eyes to hers,

"I never wanted that sort of life for you. Isn't it enough to have two sons before the public? Can't I be allowed to keep *one* to myself? It's been hard," she went on, "to lose Bruce and Rob Roy so early, but I saw what they were fitted for and did not wish to stand in their way. They are like their father, but you and I, Scottie, are alike. We both love the peace and quiet of home life."

For answer Scottie nestled close to her just as he had done when he was a little puppy.

"To be famous isn't always to be happy," Bess went on. "Your father has been on the bench all his life, so I have learned what that means; constant worry and anxiety, and the strain of appearing always at your best. He has filled his place admirably, and Bruce and Rob Roy will follow his lead, but for you, dear, I want something different."

All this was a wonderful revelation to Scottie. He did not wish to interrupt his mother, so he just rubbed his face against hers as an encouragement to continue.

"Do you know, dear," she added presently,

"you are handsomer than either of your brothers? You are more like my side of the family."

So the soothing mother voice went on, and Scottie learned things that he never had known before, and never would forget.

"Some day," his mother told him, "some one will come, not desiring the fine points which mark the show dog. It will be some one in search of a companion and friend. He or she — I hope it may be a sweet young girl — will look into your eyes and will love you, Scottie. But if unhappy chance should separate you, and you should be thrown with others less kind, remember always to do your part well. Even if people treat you harshly, never be other than gentle and courteous to them."

This all seemed very doubtful and distant to Scottie, but he knew that his mother had some good reason for such advice, so he accepted it gratefully.

"I divide people," his mother went on, "in their relation to us into four classes: the willfully cruel; the carelessly neglectful; the well-

meaning but ignorant; the loving and devoted. These last understand us."

"It seems to me," Scottie observed, "that they are the only ones who do us any good."

"That is exactly it," his mother said; "this one class out of all humanity. But fortunately, Scottie, it is an ever-increasing class, for people are learning more and more, I think, that we are eager to be kind to them, if they only will be a little kind to us. So, always take it for granted that people mean well, and even if they disappoint you, give them another chance."

"I don't think I want to love any one but you," Scottie said wistfully

"That's because you don't know anything about it," his mother answered. "Some day you will, and I shan't be jealous, for human beings inspire a different sort of love in us from what we feel for our own kind, a great admiration and a desire to serve to our utmost capacity. Unless you are eager some day to lay down your life for a master or mistress, I shan't think much of you. And if I am not here to see you,

Scottie, I hope you will think of me, and remember."

Scottie assured her with soft caresses that he never would forget what she had taught him, though it made him very sad to think of their ever being parted.

"Come!" Bess said, jumping up and shaking herself. "We 've talked long enough. It must be dinner time."

"I feel very empty," Scottie confessed.

"I 'll race you to the house, then!"

His mother sprang from him with the long graceful bounds that Scottie had known since early puppyhood. He fell into the same swinging canter, and off they raced, side by side, delicate heads thrust forward, and plumy tails waving in the wind.

# IV

## SUCCESS

Scottie always had known that the day would come when he would settle that old score with Vixen, his mother's enemy. If it had not been against all rules of chivalry he would have made war long ago. According to his own views she had given him just cause. She never openly had attacked either him or his mother, but she teased them in little aggravating ways which roused his blood to the boiling-point. She was ingenious in thinking of things to ruffle Bess's usually placid temper, while Scottie she ridiculed for his lack of worldly success, and when he refused to fight her, taunted him with being a coward. This was hard enough to bear, but it was when she made fun of his mother to his face that Scottie's self-control utterly gave way. On several such occasions, Bess had just restrained him from flying at Vixen's throat.

One morning when Scottie was trotting across the yard which lay between the kennels and the house, he saw Vixen and his mother together, each in the attitude of defiance which boded evil. Scottie sauntered carelessly alongside, determined that if there were trouble he would have a share in it.

"It 's plain to see," Vixen told him with a sneer, before Scottie had a chance to wish her a civil good-morning, "where you got your cowardly ways — straight from your mother, who don't dare strike out no matter what one says to her. I 'd know you for her son anywhere, but who would dream you belonged to Rob Roy Macgregor?"

"Kindly leave my father's name out of the question," Scottie said haughtily.

"So she 's trying to teach you pride and dignity, is she?" Vixen sneered. "Though how she can know anything about either is more than I can see."

"Don't you dare insult my mother!" Scottie threatened, bristling with rage, "or I 'll teach you something you don't care to know."

"Oh ho! She 's trying to make you fight her battles, is she?" Vixen asked breathlessly. "I 'll show you that that won't work with me. I'm not afraid of either of you." Thereupon she hurled herself, not at Scottie, the present offender, but upon Bess in a fury of accumulated hatred.

This was too much for Scottie. Chivalry and etiquette were forgotten. Bess, taken off her guard, was thrown to the ground, where she made a plucky attempt to regain her footing. But her enemy was upon her, and struggle was useless.

In that instant when everything looked black to Bess, and when Vixen felt that at last her hour of triumph had come, Scottie found his own strength. In the next instant he had sprung upon Vixen and thrown her panting to the ground. It was in his power then to silence forever that malicious tongue, and there was anger in his breast sufficient to make the deed possible. But Bess, who had sprung to her feet, whispered in his ear, "Don't kill her! I could n't bear to have you guilty of such a crime."

Scottie loosened his hold, and in that second, Vixen wrenched herself free and flew straight at his throat. That was a thrilling fight. On the whole the two were evenly matched. Scottie was heavier and stronger of limb; Vixen was quicker and through long practice more expert. The chief difference lay in the fact that Scottie, since his mother's warning, was merely playing the defensive, while Vixen was fighting to the death. Round and round they circled, one savagely attacking, the other cleverly guarding. Over and over they rolled, first one agile body uppermost, then the other. Bess hovered near them, longing to help, but knowing the rules of the game too well to interfere. Scottie showed her that she need not worry about him; that this was his affair and he must fight it out in his own way. Indeed, after the first, Bess was not alarmed for his safety. Vixen completely lost her head and fought wildly, losing strength with each attack, but Scottie was cool, and gained poise and self-reliance after every round.

With each assault Vixen was met by a guard

so strong that she was forced back in helpless fury. At last she sank down, exhausted and blind with rage and disappointment, but quite unhurt. Scottie, dripping with blood, was triumphant.

Several spectators had gathered during the fight and had watched with breathless interest, though nobody attempted to interfere.

"Let 'em have it out!" roared the keeper. "I 'll trust Vixen to hold her own, and I want to see what the young one 's good for."

They all were astonished by Scottie's pluck, and by his final complete mastery.

To the victor himself it seemed part of the general injustice of humanity that his master, who was openly pleased with his courage, concluded the affair by beating him soundly.

"Why don't you lick Vixen?" some one suggested. "It was all her fault."

"No use," grunted the keeper. "She 's too old to teach. The young one 's got to learn he has no business to fight a lady. Though I must say," he added with a laugh, "I 'm confoundedly pleased that he knows how to fight at all."

At the kennels, Scottie made a swift rise in the esteem of his own kind. They had an innate admiration for the conqueror and contempt for the conquered, and Scottie's display of cool judgment as well as brute force won him the highest place among them.

All these opinions made small impression upon Scottie himself, for he had developed self-reliance. This his mother discovered when they discussed the affair that evening.

"Indeed I have reason to be proud of my son this day," she told him.

Scottie nevertheless saw trouble in her eyes, and knew the cause. "Never again will I break the rules of courtesy among our kind," he whispered. "I fought her to save you, and it will never happen again except under like provocation."

With this his mother was supremely happy, and Scottie was content to fall asleep. He was weary of limb, but light of heart, for he had proved himself worthy of his blood, and henceforth would be no disgrace to the line of McGregor.

# V

## BESS

Summer days slipped by, and Autumn set her red seal upon the land. The fields which lay about the kennels were aglow with color, and every roadside bush fluttered a crimson flag.

In these days the keeper and his friends took long tramps through the woods in search of game, and often came home laden with quail and partridge. One day after a morning of poor luck a rabbit hunt was suggested, and they whistled for Bess to go with them.

"She 's the best rabbit dog we 've got," the keeper remarked, "though she 's getting on in years. Come along, old girl!" and he patted Bess encouragingly.

Bess, who, as she had told Scottie, was beginning to outgrow her love of sport, felt the old spirit revive when she saw the hunting kit in readiness. She made short runs from her master, then came springing back to him, smiling

an unmistakable dog smile and whimpering in happy expectation.

"I guess there's plenty of life left in you still, Bess," remarked the keeper. "Come on then!"

They started out, Bess with sharp joyous barks preceding the keeper and his companion, the latter a friend from town who was enjoying a country outing. On the crest of the hill they were overtaken by Scottie, who had got scent of the expedition and had followed in hot haste. He approached with much propitiatory wagging of tail and an inheritance of his mother's smile, wrinkling his upper lip and showing his gleaming white teeth.

"So you want to go, do you?" asked his master. "Come along, then, only don't get in the old girl's way."

At first Bess and Scottie raced away together at top speed just to blow off energy before settling down to work. Then at a shrill whistle from their master they wheeled and came rushing back to quiet down into an easy lope, noses to the ground and ears alert.

Several times they started upon a false scent and came dejectedly back after a rough scramble through brush and briar. Once they chased a woodchuck across an open field, but just as they were upon him he popped provokingly into his hole.

Although Scottie threw himself into the runs with all his might, he always was careful to give his mother precedence, knowing that when it came to the critical point she would be of more use than he.

They climbed walls and forded ditches, searching all the usual rabbit haunts without success. The city guest was footsore and was cursing vigorously; the keeper had lost patience, and the dogs were discouraged. Suddenly, around a bend in the narrow wood-path, they came upon their quarry. He was browsing peacefully at the foot of a big oak not twenty yards away. At the first sound of danger he rose on his hind legs, with long ears pointed forward, then scudded toward the bushes on the further side of the path. Here Scottie promptly headed him off. This was to

give Bess a chance for pursuit when he should turn in the opposite direction. Turn he did, as the dogs had expected, and bounded toward the stone wall on the other side of the path, the only way of escape now open to him. For a second Bess hesitated, then at a signal from her master she sprang forward and overtook the short-legged rabbit with swift leaps.

"She'll run him against the wall. She'll kill him so neatly that he won't know what touched him," whispered the keeper, his eyes fixed upon Bess. "We can't get him. We'll let her do the work."

A sudden movement beside him made him turn toward his companion. "Don't fire, man!" he gasped.

The warning came too late. The city novice had lost his head and, thinking that his chance had come at last, had raised his gun with shaking arm and taken uncertain aim. A shot rang out; a low moan followed; a frightened rabbit scuttled into his hole. The men ran forward to find Bess stretched upon the ground gazing up at them with imploring eyes.

Scottie was already by his mother's side. He thrust his head against her quivering body and tried to lick away the blood which was staining her white breast. Her slayer stood speechless when he saw what he had done. Her master stooped and tried to lift Bess up, but she cried out in agony, then licked his hand as though asking forgiveness for her sudden outbreak.

"I can't tell you how sorry I am," stammered the city man, white to the lips. "I'll buy you another dog."

"Hold your tongue!" growled the keeper. He stooped over Bess, pulling aside the sharp twigs and making her leafy bed as comfortable as he could. It was useless to try to check the flow of blood.

Scottie looked up into his master's face, puzzled by the tardy tenderness from this undemonstrative man.

"You 've been a faithful friend, Bess," he was saying in a choking voice. "I can't bear to give you up."

Bess tried in vain to raise her head, then she

gazed bravely up at him, and feebly wagged her tail to show her gratitude.

Scottie shoved his cool nose against his mother's cheek. Then with her head close to his she whispered to him, "Don't grieve for me, dearie. We've been very happy together, and you must go on making others happy."

Scottie licked her face in silent promise and snuggled against her as if trying to stay her life with the warmth of his own strong body.

The keeper was sobbing audibly, and the stranger paced restlessly back and forth over the rustling leaves.

A moment later the delicate limbs gave a last convulsive quiver, the eyelids twitched, then quiet came, and with gentle fortitude a life of fidelity ended.

A sad procession slowly wended its way homeward. The men, walking in silence, carried Bess's body between them covered with a hunting sack. Scottie trailed disconsolately in the rear, slowly crossing the same ground over which he and his mother, strong of limb and light of heart, so lately had raced. That a man

had killed a faithful animal he knew; that the deed had been done without intention he knew.

Scottie, remembering his mother's teaching, harbored no hatred in his heart.

# VI

## VIXEN'S STORY

Scottie was now the hero of the kennels, but he derived no consolation from the fact. General popularity meant nothing to him. He pined for his mother, and roamed restlessly from place to place.

The dogs, who since the fight had expressed open admiration, now gave him their hearty sympathy. Old Mac, the veteran of the kennels, followed him constantly, and tried to comfort him with stories of his mother.

One young upstart, to be sure, undertook to tell him that he was a fool for grieving, but Scottie silenced him so promptly that he never again ventured such impertinence.

Vixen, even, was sobered by the tragedy and did all she could to cheer Scottie. They had a long, satisfactory talk together one day, which straightened things out wonderfully between them.

"I 've had hard luck all through," she told him, " and I suppose it has embittered me. My earliest remembrance is of being kicked and cuffed, and naturally that ruined my temper. A mean, wolfish look began to come into my eyes, and when people saw that, they said I was fierce. They named me Vixen, and what can you expect of a dog after that? They never gave me a chance. They hit first, and of course I had to hit back to protect myself. I kept changing hands, for nobody wanted a savage dog. Once I was lost. I won't tell you about it, it was too dreadful; but at last a lady picked me up and took me home. She was a kind enough mistress, but she had a small boy. Heaven preserve me from such small boys! The sort who don't understand us, or whose parents don't help to understand us. When nobody was looking, he would coax me away just to amuse himself abusing me. One day he had been making me pull a cart all morning long, and when he finally did unharness me, he started to tie me to a post in the sun. I knew that if I had to stay in that hot sun I should go

wild, so I refused to move. He tried to drag me by the collar, but I would n't budge. Then he took his whip and struck me full across the face. That was too much. I flew at him before I knew what I was doing, and bit him. He rushed howling to the house, though it could n't have hurt him as he had hurt me. It was n't a bad bite, but of course I was henceforth a dangerous dog not to be trusted with children.

"Then the keeper bought me, and here I 've been ever since. I raged at first, for I liked people if they only would like me, and I missed them. Then I vented my wrath on the other dogs, and immediately got a bad name here. Soon your mother came along, and do you know why I hated her? Because she was what I might have been. In her quiet face and gentle ways I saw that early promise of myself. She made the friends I should have made. Every one loved her as I longed to be loved. Her puppies were the kind I wanted for my own. So, as I saw her always winning just what I missed, a terrible envy and hatred sprang up in me. Oh, I was nasty and mean, I know, but I believe if

I 'd been given half a chance at the first I would n't have turned out such a bad sort."

Vixen turned sadly to Scottie, and her usually wolfish eyes were soft and gentle. All the young dog's natural warm-heartedness was roused, and old feuds were forgotten. He pressed close to Vixen almost as though she were his mother, and did his best to comfort her.

"I 'll never judge any dog again," he assured her, " until I have learned his story, for we are the victims of the human beings who bring us up, and what we are depends largely upon them."

After this, Vixen and Scottie were on the best of terms. Circumstances, however, did not bring them often together, so Vixen was of little practical help in Scottie's loneliness.

Bruce and Rob Roy he seldom saw now. They were in strict training, for the following month they were to make their début in the New York Dog Show. Their mother's death made little impression upon them, but Scottie would not have changed places with them for all their promise of dazzling medals.

The keeper was sometimes kind but always strict and dealt justice with a firm hand. Scottie admired him, but did not love him. His wife Scottie never had trusted since the early broom episode, and the small boy was a constant enigma. He treated Scottie according to mood. He might be affectionate or brutal as fancy prompted him, but the dog was expected to be invariably friendly and gentle.

These were Scottie's companions in the dark days following his mother's death. When permitted to do so, he would lie down by himself and half dozing, with head on paws, he would dream of the life his mother had told him about; a life which revolved around one human being whom he might love to his heart's content. And in his breast was growing a great need of that one.

# VII

## GOOD-BY TO OLD FRIENDS

JUDGE GRAHAM'S house stood on a gently rising hillside amidst rolling meadow land. It was built of stone and squarely set, a stronghold against the four winds of heaven. Years ago when the Judge's grandfather had bought the land and built this house, he had been considered a fool to choose so bleak a spot. He explained that he desired a home away from the world's noise in which to bring up his children, and in which to die peacefully when his time should come. The place proved all that he hoped, and with tender care gradually developed in fertility and beauty. His sons carried on the work which he had begun, and now in the day of his grandson, the present owner, "the old Graham homestead" was the pride of the country-side. The great estate possessed more than mere physical beauty. This the stranger realized the moment he set foot within

its gates, and he felt it more poignantly as he followed the winding avenue across green lawns to the vine-covered portico. Welcome streamed from within, and bade the traveler rest.

On a crisp November afternoon, the Judge and his young daughter paced back and forth over the leaf-strewn garden path. The Judge's head was bent, and evidently he was thinking deeply.

"I am sorry, Guennie," he said, looking up at last, "but it had to be done."

The girl turned her gray eyes to his. They were eyes like his, clear and determined.

"You mean that you have sent Dick away?" she asked.

"Yes, packed him off to boarding-school, where he belongs."

"Dick is eighteen," she answered proudly, "and would have gone to college this year if he had n't been ill in the spring."

"Very old and wise, no doubt," the Judge answered, "but not sufficiently so to know

when he is getting beyond his depth. It takes an old fellow like me to pull him out."

His daughter did not deign to reply, but two red spots flamed in her cheeks.

"It is a perfectly natural consequence," the Judge continued quietly, "thrown together as you have been this summer. Now, holidays are over; things can't go on just as they have done, and it's best to make a change before either of you is any the worse for it. That's all."

"Thank you for including Dick. I supposed it was only my peace of mind which you considered imperiled."

"Well, I confess there was more danger in that direction," agreed the Judge cheerfully. "The boy could cut out any time and find some new amusement, but I'm afraid it's a bit lonely for you here, and it would be harder for you to divert your mind."

"It isn't lonely," the girl said; "I love it!" And she stretched out her arms as though to take into them the broad fields around her.

"I am only afraid you love it too well," her father answered seriously.

He was contrasting, as he did frequently, this intense, sensitive creature with her elder sisters and brothers — now married — whose lives flowed in even channels.

"You care too much for too few things," he said, continuing his thought aloud. "I don't want this boy to be one of them; he isn't worth it."

"Why do you think that?" came the swift indignant reply.

"Because he went without a murmur when I told him to. I'd have thought a lot more of him if he had braved it out."

"Father! You send him away, then blame him for going. You 're unjust and illogical."

The Judge smiled. He was not in the habit of having these characteristics applied to him.

"I want you to have a healthy winter," he said quietly, "with your studies and your friends, free from such a distraction as this would have been. Perhaps," he added mysteriously, "we can find another companion for you. You need something to — love." The last word came out with a jerk as though the Judge was

unwilling to associate it with the affair in question.

But the girl was in no mood for mysteries.

"I shall never love any one else as long as I live," she cried with youthful conviction. "It hurts too much."

She turned from him and walked swiftly across the grass toward the woods. The Judge stood watching her for a few moments, but did not attempt to follow. He knew that only pride had kept the tears back — not very far back either — and he would not humiliate her by watching its downfall.

He walked to the stable and ordered his horse. A few moments later Guen, from her ambush, saw him drive down the avenue and disappear among the stately elm trees.

Gray Friar trotted briskly down the winding country road. The Judge turned to survey his broad acres of green, then scanned with a practiced eye the untilled fields beyond, estimating how long it would take to bring them to perfect cultivation.

Along the pleasant hillsides were dotted sun-

dry habitations. Here and there was an estate as large and nearly as fine as his own. The infection for moving out of town had caught and spread since the days of the Judge's pioneer grandfather, and in the last fifty years, land hitherto lying idle had undergone wonderful transformation. Now and then the Judge passed a neat farmhouse close to the road, and occasionally the farmer appeared and wished him a cheery "Good-afternoon, sir." Every one knew and admired the Judge.

The horse trotted steadily on until, at the top of a long, gradual descent, his master tightened rein. Part way down this slope the road forked, one branch climbing the opposite hill, the other dipping deeper down into the valley. The horse, bidden to follow the latter road, obeyed with ears pricked forward. He remembered the way. A moment later they turned in at a gateway over which swung a sign, inscribed:

"VALLEY FARM KENNELS
*Choice Collies for Sale*
*Registered Stock*"

A wild barking arose from many lusty throats as the Judge's horse clattered up the avenue. The dogs that were tied or locked up made indignant attempts to break loose, while the privileged ones, having the freedom of the kennels, rushed forward in a body. A sharp rebuke from the keeper, who then appeared upon the scene, was needed to reduce them to order.

"I want a collie for my daughter," the Judge said briefly, and forthwith he and the keeper began a tour of inspection.

The keeper specified the fine points of each animal in turn.

"This dog has the most perfect head. See, Judge, the breadth between the eyes; the length of the nose." Or, again, "Perhaps you are more particular as to color. This one, you see, has absolutely even markings."

"Rubbish!" the Judge put in. "I don't care about that. The dogs don't look sympathetic. I don't want anything like those"; and he indicated Bruce and Rob Roy, whom they happened to be passing; "they look over-bred."

The aristocrats thus slurringly referred to raised their heads in indignant surprise.

"I want a friendly, affectionate dog," the Judge continued. "You know the kind."

"Yes, I know," the keeper answered, and he called Scottie.

At first the little fellow was nowhere to be found.

"Off mopin' by himself somewhere, I suppose," one of the men said impatiently.

Soon, however, he cantered to them across the grass. He came straight to his master and stood awaiting his command, looking into his face with expectant eyes. The Judge put out his hand and patted him. Scottie acknowledged the attention with a slight wave of his tail, but made no advance. In these latter days he had learned to reserve his friendliness till it should be demanded of him.

"That 's what I like!" the Judge exclaimed, watching the dog, who still stared fixedly at his master's face. "I don't like the kind that is over-anxious to make friends with every one. Come here, boy, and let me look at you."

"Go along, Scottie," the keeper said, and the dog quickly shifted his glance and obeyed.

He stood before the stranger, submissive, reticent. The Judge took the beautiful head between his hands, and looked into the deep, loyal eyes.

"That 's the dog I want," he said quietly.

The two men walked back and forth talking together. Scottie watched them wistfully. He knew what this transaction meant, and now that it came to the point he felt a great loneliness at the thought of leaving the kennels. With all its faults it was the only home he ever had known, and the outside world was full of uncertainties. He ran restlessly about in the kennel yard. Then with sudden inspiration he trotted off in search of Vixen and old Mac. They rubbed noses with him and said they were glad for his sake that he was going, for he surely would have a happy home, but that they would miss him sadly. All this was very comforting. Then the keeper whistled sharply. Scottie promised his old friends that he never would forget them, and galloped away.

"I'm sorry to have you go, little feller," the keeper said, and Scottie rose on his hind legs and buried his head against his master's breast, whimpering softly, just as his mother used to do.

"Come, Scottie," the Judge said kindly.

He was seated in the buggy, and the gray horse pawed the ground, impatient to start. Scottie jumped in and was whirled away from the kennels out into an unknown world.

The November twilight had closed around them when they turned in at the homestead gate. Gray Friar had lost some of his spirit and was content to settle down into a sedate walk. The reins hung loosely at his sides, a sign that the Judge was deep in thought. Scottie sat on the floor of the carriage trembling with excitement. During the entire drive he had lifted his nose from the dash-board only to change his position from one side of the buggy to the other. Now he was leaning far over the edge as though to see what mysteries the darkness held.

The wheel grated against a stone step. The Judge climbed out, Scottie at his heels. The wide door was thrown open, and from the fire-lit hall a red glow streamed upon the darkness. The Judge went in, and Scottie followed with drooping ears and tail, doubtful of his welcome.

"Daughter," the Judge called, "come down; I have something for you."

A reluctant step sounded on the stair, and presently she stood before them, pausing on the landing half-way, a slim figure in a loose white garment, with bright hair tumbling over her shoulders.

"See what I have brought you," the Judge repeated.

There was no answer — only a slight fluttering of white draperies.

"Come, come!" her father urged, as though speaking to a child. "You are going to be great friends. Scottie will love you dearly."

As a child she answered him. "I don't want him to love me. I don't want any one ever to —" She ended with a stifled sob.

"Very well," the Judge answered severely, "then he may go to the stable. Perhaps John will take care of him. Come, Scottie."

A dejected little object rose out of the half-darkness and trailed across the floor. For an instant he paused, looking up at the shadowy staircase, and the firelight fell full upon him. That was enough. In that instant their eyes met: the sad girl-eyes and the sad dog-eyes. Suddenly the mother-love, with all its passion for self-abnegation, rose in the girl's breast.

"He wants *me* to love *him!*" she cried. "He needs me."

She bounded down the stairs, opened her arms wide, and the dog rushed into them. Then the Judge knew that he no longer was needed. He left them at the foot of the staircase, Scottie's head buried in Guen's lap.

Later they went upstairs together.

# BOOK II

## HOME

# VIII

## SCOTTIE FINDS THE DESIRED ONE

The Judge, who was dividing his attention between coffee and the morning paper, looked up with a smile. Aunt Judith, seated at the opposite end of the table, cast a less appreciative glance. If it had been possible to overlook the pair standing in the doorway, she evidently would have done so. But it was not possible. They were too vivid to ignore.

"We 've come to breakfast," a gay voice announced. "At least one of us has; the other has just had a fat, juicy bone." (And very delicious it tasted, Scottie was thinking, after dry kennel fare.)

"We 're a little late," Guen ran on; "but you don't know how many distractions we 've had."

"What are you going to do with that dog during meal times?" Miss Judith demanded in icy tones. "You can't bring him into the dining-room."

Two alert ears drooped, and a hitherto expectant figure moved uneasily backwards.

"Oh! you must n't speak to him that way," begged a distressed voice. "See how it makes him wilt. He 's going to lie right here on the doormat. Charge, Scottie. That 's right, dear. Missy will sit on the other side of the table where you can watch her. He 's all right as long as he can see me," she explained.

She flitted across to her seat, and Scottie, who had sunk down at her bidding, with head on paws, watched her in calm content.

The Judge smiled at her again, then retired behind his paper.

Guen chattered cheerfully during breakfast, despite the fact that one of her companions maintained a stony silence and that the other was in complete obscurity.

"Is n't it nice it 's a holiday!" she exclaimed. "Scottie and I can have the whole day outdoors together. Think of that! You understand, don't you! Oh! look at him, Aunt Judith. Is n't he sweet?"

Aunt Judith would not look. "I suppose

you have forgotten," she observed severely, "that this is the day you read to Mrs. Baker."

"Not in the least. Can't Scottie go with me, I'd like to know? We'll have a lovely run over and back, won't we, pet? Just listen to his tail, Aunt Judy dear."

"I should hardly think Mrs. Baker would care to have a great dog come in and upset her neat house."

"Oh, she'll love it. When your legs are old and stiff like hers you'll enjoy seeing something as agile as Scottie. Just think of having four such lively legs! I wonder how it feels; don't you?"

"Guendolyn, I am amazed at you!" gasped Miss Judith.

The Judge, who could listen even while he read and ate, smiled appreciatively. In fact, he was so delighted with his daughter's prattle and with the fact that she was eating a hearty breakfast for the first time in several weeks, that he almost let his train-time slip by.

"Bless me!" he exclaimed suddenly, rising from the table. "It's thirty-one minutes past eight."

"I thought you were taking things rather easily," Miss Judith dryly observed.

"Good gracious!" Guen exclaimed, slipping from her seat. "A whole minute late. What would happen if daddy missed the 8.57? Yes, Scottie, there is another train in ten minutes, but we men of business must be systematic, you know. You get his boots, and I'll help him with his coat. There we are!"

The dog capered eagerly about with a look which implied, "Only command me. I'm at your service"; while Guen, with a few deft touches, made her father ready for his departure.

"Come, Scottie," she called, as the carriage drove up to the door, "let's see daddy off, then we'll go for a run together."

She caught up her jacket and red cap and they raced out into the sparkling air. "Oh! how good it is," she cried, drawing a deep, joyous breath.

The Judge looked happily into the animated face.

"Good-by, you lively children," he said. "I wish my school did n't keep to-day. Scottie, take good care of your lady."

Then, as he went down the steps, he turned and patted the dog's head. "You 've brought my little girl back to me," he said. "I was afraid I 'd lost her."

The girl and the dog watched the carriage drive away, then looked out across the meadow in glad anticipation. During the night there had been a light snowfall, and field and hillside were covered with a sparkling mantle. They turned to each other as though in challenge. Guen darted down the steps, then stopped short, and Scottie, scurrying before her, faced about and barked excitedly.

"Come on, then! I 'll race you across the meadow," Guen cried. And off they started.

Scottie took short flights ahead, then ran back to his lady with nose to the ground, scattering the soft snow in a cloud about them. When she had nearly caught up with him, he

sprang from her and circled around her just as he used to do with his mother and brothers. The surprising part to Scottie was that Guen seemed to know the game just as they did. At last, in a wild down-hill dash, Guen slipped upon a bit of ice and fell headlong. Scottie rushed back to see if any damage was done, and they rolled over and over together, the girl laughing and the dog barking.

"Oh, Scottie dear!" Guen gasped when she at length regained her breath. "Was n't that glorious!" And the dog, pressing close against her, yawned mightily.

"You rude thing!" Guen laughed. "Is that the way you feel about it? Let 's take a rest then."

She flung herself full length in the snow. Scottie capered around her, making sudden snatches at her face and pushing off her cap when she pulled it for protection over her eyes.

"You dear old thing!" Guen cried, flinging her arms up over her head and catching the dog around the neck. "How did I ever live without you so long?"

A little later they scrambled to their feet and pursued their more sedate way home through the winding wood-path. As they rustled among the dry, snow-flecked leaves a shy bird flew up in alarm, and a saucy squirrel peered at them from the branches, then sprang from tree to tree alongside just to show that he was n't afraid.

Scottie looked questioningly at his companion to see if she wanted him to give chase, but finding she was content merely to watch his squirrelship he subsided into a staid walk at her side.

"Did you ever see anything so delightfully impudent in all your life, Scottie?" Guen asked. Her musical laugh echoed among the trees, and with that the lively squirrel scampered chattering away.

"Scottie dear," Guen said when they had left the wood-path and were in the home meadow again, "this is the best walk I 've ever had. It 's a bit lonesome all by one's self, and when you 're with a person you have to talk. This way is perfect."

"I suppose we've got to go home," she added regretfully when Scottie tried to lure her into an inviting by-path, "though of course there are fairies and goblins and all sorts of fascinating things in that wood that we'd like to see. We must eat, I suppose. Watch me being good at luncheon with Aunt Judith. Then afterwards, you know, we're going to walk to the village and read to Mrs. Baker."

Scottie accepted the explanation, and they raced across the meadow again and back to the homestead.

"Oh! and, Scottie," Guen said as they went into the house, "you haven't begun to see my pets: my pony and my kittens. I love them. But not like you," she cried impulsively, flinging her arms around the dog's neck. "No, not like you."

It was late in the afternoon when Guen slipped in at the library door and curled into a big chair by the fire.

The Judge, reading by the lamplight, sud-

denly became aware of her presence and looked up from his paper.

"Have you just come in?" he asked, peering out into the darkness as he spoke.

"Yes, daddy."

"Were you alone?"

"Oh, no! I had Scottie."

# IX

## THE DAY OF REST

"MISSY 's feeling a bit sad to-day," Guen told Scottie the following morning.

She was reading for at least the tenth time a letter which she had taken from her pocket. A large tear splashed down upon it as she spoke.

Scottie cuddled close and told her by all manner of mute caresses that he loved her.

"You darling!" Guen said, drawing his paws gently up to her shoulders while she bent over him. "*You* understand. Dick says he 'll n-never f-forget me," she gulped a little later. "It 's hard to g-give up anybody as l-lively as he, Scottie dear, for it is n't easy for Missy always to be j-jolly. I don't know why it is, Scottie, but there 's a queer lonesome place inside of me, and sometimes when I specially ought to be happy and gay it just aches and aches. Of course it 's dreadfully silly, but

what can you do when you 're made that way?"

Guen buried her face in Scottie's soft breast and they nestled close together in silent sympathy. At last she pushed him away with a little shake.

"You 're the most squeezable, comforting thing I know," she cried, laughing through her tears. "People say nothing at all, or too much, but somehow you just fill that empty place."

Scottie at once noted the change of mood and realized that more boisterous attentions were now in order. He gave vent to a cheerful yawn and sprang from Guen's side across the room.

"Yes, you 're quite right," she answered him. "We must hurry down"; and joining him with a bound they scampered down the broad staircase together.

The breakfast-room was deserted. The Judge and Miss Judith had left some time before, so after Scottie had eaten his own meal he became Guen's guest of honor. He established

himself in the doorway and waited attentively for what she might have to say.

"This is Sunday, the day of rest, Scottie," she remarked solemnly, as she cracked her egg-shell with a deft touch. "As soon as we have finished our breakfast — sometimes, in fact, before we have finished our breakfast — we run across the fields to Sunday-school. There we — what do we do there, I wonder? Oh, yes! We influence the minds of the young, and they respond by sticking pins into each other. You don't know the Golden Rule, Scottie dear? Well, never mind, for you practice it, and that really is more use.

"Then after Sunday-school we go to church and sometimes we listen to a very long sermon. But if it 's Mr. Simmons's we don't mind, for he 's a dear old man and we love him. Just now, though, Scottie, he 's away for his health. Sometimes I 'm afraid he won't find it and never will come back to us. While he is away a very young man takes his place. He preaches very short sermons because he can't think of anything to say. There is always the music, though

— the beautiful, swelling organ music, and when I close my eyes it seems as if it would waft me way up beyond the clouds where mother is. Sometimes I almost wish it would, if it were n't for you — and a few other people."

Scottie, who had been listening with ears attentively pricked forward, now disregarded rules and trotted across to his lady. He put his paws on her knees and looked searchingly into her face.

"Oh! I don't really mean that, you darling," Guen cried, suspending operations to hug him. "Now run back. There 's a dear," as Scottie cheerfully, with wagging tail, resumed his place.

"And then," she added, "after church, sisters and brothers and nieces and nephews come to dinner and you 'll hear such a commotion, Scottie, that you 'll think yourself back at the kennels. And in the afternoon and evening, people drop in, and we always must be cordial and polite, no matter how we feel. Then, at last, bedtime comes, and we 're so thankful and so very sleepy. There! old fluffy; now you

know what to expect." Guen sprang from the table and they ran upstairs together.

A little later the Judge, passing serenely through the hall, was almost borne off his feet by a small whirlwind which swept down the staircase and toward the front door.

"Well, well!" he laughed, as he caught a glimpse of a fluttering red dress and a waving tail. "You two appear to be in something of a hurry."

"We are," Guen gasped. "Don't stop us, *please*. We 're a little late." Scottie turned from the doorway courteously to give the Judge a morning greeting, then raced out to overtake his lady.

A blast of cold air was filling the hall. The Judge smiled indulgently as he closed the door. He was still smiling, greatly to Miss Judith's irritation, when he entered the library. She sat shivering by the fire.

"William," she said querulously, "do you realize that your daughter is simply going crazy over that dog?"

"I confess I had n't thought of it in exactly

that light," the Judge answered, sinking into his armchair and stretching his feet comfortably to the blaze.

"It is necessary to Guen to love something, you know; and the older I grow, Judith, the more convinced I become that it is n't what we love but how we love which counts for our happiness."

"It 's ridiculous to love a dog in that extravagant way," Miss Judith persisted, refusing to give up her point.

"It 's not *ridiculous* to love anything," answered the Judge, equally obdurate. "Judith," he added hurriedly, seeing that his sister was gathering fresh ammunition, "has it occurred to you that this is Sunday?"

"William, I 'm amazed at you," gasped his sister. She wore her black silk gown and was waiting decorously for the half-hour to strike; at which moment, according to custom, she would put on her outer wraps, and John would drive to the door.

"Oh, in a conventional way you know it 's Sunday, of course," the Judge answered care-

lessly. "But I mean do you realize that this is the day when for months past that boy has come at daybreak and stayed till nightfall, — and long after, — tagging along with Guen to Sunday-school, staring at her in church, and distracting her thoughts from better things; monopolizing her in the afternoon and keeping her from the interesting people — my friends — from whom she might really gain something; then trailing her off to church again in the twilight?"

"He showed very good feeling in wishing to go to church so much," Miss Judith answered, not because she sympathized in the least with the boy in question, but to be consistent she must continue to disagree.

"Good feeling — rubbish!" grumbled the Judge. "He thought it romantic to sit with her in the dimly lighted church listening to soft music, and heaven knows what sentimental ideas he put into her head as they walked home in the dusk. I confess I dreaded this first Sunday for Guen, and now she goes dancing off with Scottie without a care in the world. Don't

you think that 's something to be thankful for?"

The clock struck half-past ten, and under cover of this signal Miss Judith beat a hasty retreat. "I don't like to see any one wasting God-given affection on a dog," was her parting shot.

The Judge lingered by the fire after Miss Judith's carriage had driven away, then he put on his coat and hat and, stick in hand, walked off to church; not by Guen's and Scottie's route across fields and ditches, but decorously by the beaten path.

In the church vestibule he found a drooping little figure leaning against the wall.

"Would n't she take you in?" he asked sympathetically.

Scottie kissed his hand in gratitude, but did not offer to follow him.

As the Judge sat down in his pew a small hand tugged at his coat sleeve. "Is n't he wonderful?" a voice whispered.

"Not to come to church, you mean?" grumbled the Judge.

"You know what I mean; not to follow me, of course. He understands everything. You should have seen him at Sunday-school. The children just loved him."

The organ suddenly stopped, and the last words rang out audibly. Miss Judith glowered from her corner.

The choir began to sing,

> "Immortal love forever full,
> Forever flowing free,"

and presently rose the minister's voice, clear and persuasive, —

"This is my commandment, That ye love one another."

# X

## SCOTTIE MAKES A VISIT

THE third morning of Scottie's life in his new home, Guen whispered to him the unwelcome news that she must go in to town to school. Before doing so she made every member of the household, from the little German maid to Miss Judith, promise to take good care of him.

"Have you introduced him yet to your pensioners?" asked the Judge. "They 'll amuse him."

"Oh, daddy dear, they 're no company for him. Imagine his getting any comfort out of lame chicky. He tried to make friends with Black Peter on the stairs this morning, and the silly old thing bristled up his hair like a porcupine, then flew sputtering downstairs and out the door — just like an evil spirit, you know, leaving a trail of fire and brimstone behind him. Poor Scottie stood there in silent amazement. He does so want to be friendly."

"I am afraid he has frightened the poor cat badly," Miss Judith commented. "I don't think it quite fair, Guendolyn, after all these years, to bring a disturbing element into this quiet household."

"Nonsense, my dear Judith," observed the Judge. "The household needs to be disturbed."

"You'll love him one of these days, Aunt Judy dear; you can't help it," was Guen's answer. "Come, Scottie, do you want to go to the station?"

A limp object upon the rug uncurled itself and awoke to sudden activity at this unexpected invitation.

Scottie escorted his lady down the steps and saw her safely seated in the carriage beside the Judge, then, barking frantically, he rushed on ahead to await them at the gate. To suit his pace to that of the placid bay horse was not in his power. He made circuits through the fields, chasing birds and squirrels, then cut across corners and plunged out through roadside bushes to greet his friends.

"I knew you were there," Guen called to

him. "I saw your white breastplate gleaming in the sun."

Once, in his eagerness to keep ahead, Scottie made a wrong turn, then finding his mistake and overtaking them at last, he rushed by without even a glance.

"Oh, you have business of your own, have you?" laughed Guen. "You have nothing to do with us."

At the station were many young girls and boys who came crowding around the girl and her dog. Any friend of his lady's was Scottie's friend, and he trotted among them smiling and waving his plumy tail.

The train rumbled up to the station. Guen drew Scottie aside.

"Missy can't take you with her," she told him quietly. "Run home with John."

The dog gave her one long look, then trotted obediently after the carriage.

It was lonely at the homestead without Guen. Scottie first made a tour of investigation. He visited the hen-yard in friendly

spirit, and caused such commotion that he beat a hasty retreat. He poked his nose between the bars of the rabbit pen, and several frightened bunnies scuttled squealing into their holes. He sought out the lame chicken and tried to play with it, but the queer little thing fluttered to the protecting wings of an adopted mother. In the stable the horses were coolly indifferent. He sauntered toward the kitchen-yard, where the cats were sunning themselves. An enraged tabby sprang out from the woodshed and fell upon him; and in the confusion which followed, the cook rushed upon the scene, crying "He 's killin' Fluff's kittens."

Scottie summoned as much dignity as he could under the circumstances, and retired. The men working on the place spoke to him kindly as they passed by, but every one had his own work to do.

From time to time he heard the little German maid calling "Scottie! Scottie!" and ran eagerly to her, supposing she had something in store for him, but she merely said, "Ach, dat iss all ri-ight. I yust vanted to know you

wass here." Everybody was kind, but totally uninteresting. Scottie lay down in the sun and fell asleep, and dreamed of his mother, of Vixen, and of all his old comrades. He awoke with a start, and in his breast was a great longing for the kennels. Nobody was in sight. He did not know when his lady would come home. He jumped up and bounded away across the meadow.

At first he was startled by the least sound, and turned anxiously, fearing pursuit; but soon, finding himself quite alone, he settled into a comfortable trot. He remembered well the route which he had taken with the Judge. He met few people, and the casual passer-by noted merely a business-like dog bent on affairs of his own.

"Hullo, Sonny! What 's up?" inquired a friendly teamster. Scottie smiled pleasantly and passed on. Occasionally he would branch off from the main road and make a short cut across the fields. Here neither bird nor rabbit had power to charm him. He was dominated by a single purpose. At length he

reached the fork in the road and stood listening, head erect and ears cocked.

Yes! There was the sound, the dear, familiar sound of many voices raised in barking chorus. He jumped over the fence, and, circling around the edges in careful avoidance of the main buildings, arrived at last at the rear of the kennels. He stood wistfully looking in, not the hero of battles come back to tell of his conquests, just the little old Scottie seeking his comrades.

Vixen was there and raised the cry of welcome, and in the next instant he was surrounded by a barking, sneezing throng.

The dogs which were tied up struggled to break loose, and those which were free jostled one another for first place. Scottie rushed about, greeting each old friend and licking each face impartially.

From the further kennels came the wild clamor of the shut-in dogs, but they were not Scottie's intimates, so he paid no attention to them. With Vixen and Mac he trotted off to a sunny corner to have a good talk.

"Are n't you happy?" Mac asked him at once.

Scottie answered with one convincing look.

"Then why have you run away?"

"Missy went away, and I was lonely."

"But you won't be able to tell her that. She 'll think you 're unhappy there."

"Oh, no! she won't," Scottie answered confidently. "Missy understands everything."

Vixen leaned against him sympathetically. "I 'm glad you 've come," she said.

"Besides," Scottie added, when he had returned her caress, "she won't miss me. I shall get back before she does."

"You shan't go till you 've told us all about it," Vixen said. "And so she is really kind to you, Scottie? Oh! do tell me what it 's like."

She pressed her thin face against his, and the eyes which looked into his were no longer wolfish, only starved and yearning.

"It 's perfect happiness," Scottie said. "Missy—" But his confidence was cut short, for the gate opened and the keeper walked in.

He stopped abruptly and stood staring at the group. "Well, well!" he said. "So this is what's happened. I thought I heard an unusual commotion."

They stood for a moment looking at each other — the man and the dog. Then Scottie rose and walked over to his old master, not wriggling and fawning as he had seen some dogs do, but with quiet dignity. He paused in front of the keeper and rose on his hind legs. The keeper took his outstretched paw and shook it, laughing as he did so.

"You darned fool!" he said. "I never supposed you'd come back here. It's no business of mine to punish you now. I'll leave that to Miss Graham. I'm sorry, though, if you're goin' to be a runaway. Come on, Scottie. Wanderers like you have to be locked up."

"A runaway!" So that was what they would think of him!

Scottie followed the keeper disconsolately, and was forced to submit to the humiliation of being shut into a pen. Mac and Vixen whispered to him through the cracks. But that was

unsatisfactory, and after a while they went away.

Scottie paced back and forth in rage and disappointment. Would the keeper return him ignominiously to the homestead, or would his lady come and find him here? How, under the circumstances, could she regard him as other than a common runaway, he who would lay down his life for her! The situation was mortifying to the last degree. The hours dragged slowly by. Nobody came to him. At length he lay down disconsolately in the corner and fell into a restless sleep. He was awakened from unhappy dreams in which his lady was driving him angrily from the homestead, by a sound of steady pounding. It began far away and was coming gradually nearer. Scottie jumped up and sat with ears cocked. Hoof-beats on the road! Now they rang out more clearly. They had left the road and were striking upon the hard gravel of the drive. They were short, sharp hoof-beats — the hoof-beats of Guen's pony.

Scottie never knew just how he did it. The

thought of his lady's finding him in that humiliating position, combined with his longing to see her, must have given him super-canine strength. He retreated the length of the pen, then, rushing at top speed, made a spring for the fence. His fore paws gripped the upper cross-board, but his hind feet, finding no support, slipped helplessly on the smooth surface of the wood. For a moment he struggled, then strength gave out and he fell backward. He tried again. This time he jumped higher and got one paw over the top rail, at the same time wedging a hind toe in a convenient crack. That gave him the needed brace. For a moment he wavered; then, touching the boards below him lightly with his fore paws, he sprang to the ground. Regardless of a bloody nose and a very sore chest, he rushed headlong across the grass just as Guen drew rein. Her cheeks were crimson, and Black Sancho was flecked with foam. Guen slipped from the saddle and flung out her arms, and Scottie hurled himself into them.

"Oh! Scottie darling, they said that you were stolen, or that you 'd run away, but I would n't

believe them. I knew I 'd find you," a choking voice whispered.

Scottie whined softly and made frantic efforts to kiss the tear-stained face, while Guen knelt beside him and dabbed his face with her handkerchief. So they rocked gently backwards and forwards, comforting each other. Sancho, feeling himself neglected, took a step forward and intruded a soft pink nose.

"Kiss him, Scottie!" Guen cried, caressing them with either hand. "Thank him for bringing me to you."

Thus it was that the keeper found them.

"You rascal! How in thunder did you get out?" was his first remark.

Scottie gave him a meaning look which seemed to imply that he could tell but did n't wish to.

"On his nose, poor dear, I should say," laughed Guen.

"I 'm awful sorry, Miss Graham," the keeper apologized, "that your dog 's a runaway."

Scottie rose and fixed his eyes on his lady's

face. Her opinion, alone, concerned him. Upon that he staked his all.

"My dog is not a runaway," she answered in a ringing voice. "He was lonely without me this morning, and he naturally wanted to get back to his old friends."

"I did n't dare let him out," the keeper explained. "I was afraid he 'd run off somewhere else."

"You might have done so with perfect safety. He would have come home," she answered proudly.

The man looked at the young girl with an expression of wonder in his face.

"What a lot you think of animals!" he said. "You treat 'em as though you thought they had — well! — *souls*."

"I do think so. I don't know about people, but I 'm sure about dogs. Come, Scottie!"

Guen sprang into the saddle and turned the pony's head. "Good-by," she called back over her shoulder.

From under the red cap her soft curls blew out in the breeze. Sancho, with head down and

ears laid flat, was galloping madly. Scottie, whirling enticingly under the pony's nose, gave not a backward glance. He had forgotten the kennels and his old comrades. He had found his lady. He was going home.

# XI

## NEW FRIENDS

It was not long before Scottie made the unwelcome discovery that there were many demands upon Guen's time, and that he did not hold exclusive right to her society. So far as her old pets were concerned, he bore no grudge. His own assured position in his lady's affections set him above petty jealousies. They were a foolish set of dependents, he thought condescendingly, appealing to her love by their weakness. Scottie found little in common with them, but he was good to them for her sake. He showed a mild interest in the lame chicken — a stupid creature; and bore himself with becoming dignity toward the rabbits, the ancestors of which Guen had once rescued from a pursuing dog. Scottie had tried not to look self-conscious when his lady, with flashing eyes, told him the tale. He argued, however, that there was a nice distinc-

tion between field rabbits and pen rabbits, which any sensible dog would observe, and that for his part pursuit of these pale, pink-eyed creatures would be poor sport.

The cats Scottie found a degree more interesting than these others. In their defense he fought several sharp battles with marauding dogs. In return they gave him their confidence, and a pleasant though unexciting intimacy sprang up. He romped with the kittens and let them pull his long hair, and cuddled them when their mothers forgot home duties in pursuit of outside pleasures.

Toward Taffy, the wheezy Skye terrier, he maintained a dignified disdain. Taffy's life was bounded by a very small circle. His one accomplishment was to climb a toy ladder in pursuit of sugar plums, and his highest ambition was gratified when he lay behind the kitchen stove. He was fond of Guen, in his way, but because the cook gave him sweets he liked her better. For this Scottie held him in unutterable contempt. Guen, however, was merely amused at Taffy's weaknesses, so Scot-

tie soon decided that it was beneath his own dignity to feel resentment toward anything so trivial. So long as his lady believed in his boundless strength, so long would Scottie humbly try to be worthy this confidence. Accordingly, he established himself as her faithful body-guard.

Guen had an intimate girl friend named Helen Marshall. Scottie approved of her at once, for her coming was almost invariably a signal for a walk or a drive in which he was included. Next best to Guen he loved Helen.

The Judge and Miss Judith also were fond of her. Guen, they knew, took life rather hard, and suffered over queer, intangible things in which they were powerless to help her. Helen seemed to understand just enough to sympathize, but not enough to encourage.

If Scottie's opinion had been asked on the subject, he might have answered that when Guen had been with Helen, she seemed to feel just as he did after a cold plunge in the brook.

In short, the three possessed the happy faculty of inspiring fresh life in one another.

There was another trio to which Scottie belonged. In this, the third part was played by a wide-awake young man named Jim Clayton. Guen informed those who asked that he was an old family friend from the West who had come on to study medicine, and that it was lonely for him in the city. That being the case, visits to the homestead went far toward consoling him, these inquirers thought.

Scottie liked this frank, broad-shouldered young doctor, who always had a kindly greeting for him. That was more than he could say of many persons who came to the house. They were apt either to ignore or to patronize him, and it was hard to say which he most disliked. Jim approached him in good fellowship, and they liked each other at once. In spite of this it was some months before they took the real oath of friendship. This happened one afternoon when they both were waiting for Guen to come home. They sat together by the fire, the dog's head resting on

the man's knee. There seemed a common bond between them which the future might reveal.

Guen told him that evening, when they were musing over the fire together after Jim had gone, that a person should need but three friends, — a man friend, a girl friend, and a dog friend. "You see, I have them all, Scottie darling," she said, "so I'm very happy."

These real friends, and the "pensioners" too, Scottie cheerfully accepted. It was the indifferent people, who apparently were of no importance to his lady, whom he resented. He sorely begrudged the time she spent over matters in which he had no concern, when he could only sit and wait and wonder. When she came to him at last, she would throw her arms around his neck and usually tell him that the people were very dull, and that she would rather have stayed with him.

"Just with you three," she sometimes would whisper to him.

Occasionally there was a dance or a reception of some sort at the homestead, and these same indifferent people would come. Scottie

bore them a special grudge because he had to crawl off into a corner out of the way; or if he did venture among them they stepped on his toes. So Scottie liked "general" gatherings no better than Guen did, and vaguely wondered why he and she and Helen and Jim could n't always play together without being bothered by outsiders.

One fact became plain as time went on. Scottie perhaps did not understand the cause, but he fully appreciated the result upon his lady's spirits. The more Guen saw of the doctor, the less she mourned for Dick, and in this outcome her friends rejoiced.

# XII

## THE CLOSED DOOR

GUEN was housed with a cold. She and Scottie had had no outdoor romps together for three days, and they sadly missed their liberty. Not but what Scottie was free to go and come as he chose. Several times Guen had pushed him gently out at the front door and told him that he must go for a run by himself; and each time a wistful face had shortly appeared at the library window. Guen could not harden her heart for any length of time, so Scottie soon was admitted. Each time his enthusiasm was greater, and he did everything in his power to show his lady that he did n't in the least care to go anywhere without her.

"I 'm afraid it 's very dull for you," she said apologetically.

It was late in the afternoon and, seated in a deep armchair by the fire, she was trying to read. But the light was dim, and her eyes were

dimmer, so she closed the book and stroked the dog's head. He snuggled against her knees, and gallantly proclaimed with wild thumps of his tail that he never could be dull with her.

"It 's polite of you to say so, dearie," the lady answered, "but, all the same, I 'd like you to have a change."

So it was that when the Judge came home a little later, and said that he was going to walk over to his aunt's at the further side of the town, Guen offered him Scottie as escort.

"Do you think he will go with me?" the Judge asked doubtfully.

"Of course he will if I tell him to."

Scottie jumped up and shook himself, ran to the Judge's side, and back to his lady; then gave a mighty yawn, up the scale and down again, with him a sign of enthusiasm more expressive than a bark.

"Run along, you old goosie," laughed Guen.

Scottie hesitated, the while looking pleadingly into her face.

"He won't go without you," said the Judge.

"He must! Scottie darling, it 's for your

good," wheedled his lady. "Do you know that if you lie here by the fire any longer you 'll grow fatter and fatter until you can't move at all? You 'll be like Thompson's dog at the corner, you remember, who tried to chase us, but just sat down in despair. Then he opened his mouth to bark and not a sound came. Think of that, Scottie! — too fat to bark. Would n't that be a dreadful fate?"

She pressed her face close against the dog's head, and her slim fingers played through his silky coat.

"Now go!" she said gayly.

Just then the door swung open and, with a rush of fresh air, in swept Helen. Scottie flung himself joyfully upon her, then trotted into the hall and came back bearing the Judge's cane.

"The old darling!" Guen cried. "He knows I 'm all right now that you 're with me, Helen."

Scottie cast one wistful glance at the two girls who sat with clasped hands by the fire, then he trotted cheerfully away with the Judge.

"Take good care of him, Scottie," a soft voice called; "just as though he were Missy."

It was delightful to be in the open once more. The Judge was a less animated companion than Guen, and he had a disappointing way of keeping to the beaten track instead of exploring pleasant by-paths. Still, that did not prevent Scottie from making little détours on his own account and so getting plenty of exercise. Once when they came to a turn which Guen was in the habit of following, Scottie stationed himself there awaiting the Judge, then whirled invitingly before him. "That looks very doubtful to me," the Judge said. "It suggests barbwire fences and lurking ditches. All very well for young things like you and Guen, but an old fellow like me must stick to the road."

He strode on with his head bent, and swinging his cane. He addressed only an occasional remark to Scottie, for evidently he was deep in thought.

At the end of a long, elm-bordered avenue they reached their destination, — a solemn gray house in which lived the Judge's solemn gray aunt.

In the vestibule the Judge turned to Scottie.

"I don't believe you 'd better come in," he said. The prim maid who opened the door was looking dubiously at the muddy paws.

Scottie sank down disconsolately, but without protest. This moment outside a front door was always an anxious one. He had learned that some doors would open to him and some would not. In the latter case Guen had taught him to be resigned. "Wait for me, Scottie," the Judge said.

The door closed and he was left alone.

The heavens grew dark, and the stars came out. From time to time Scottie got up and made little tours down the avenue. All was quiet and deserted. There was no one to speak to, not a dog to make friends with, or a squirrel to chase. He trotted around the house and tried to peer in at the windows, but at the front all was dark, and wherever a light gleamed, the shades were drawn. He leaned wearily against the door and whined softly, then gave a few short barks just as a reminder that he was there; but no answer came. He lay down on the rug, listening and hoping. The night wind blew in

sharp gusts through the open doorway, and still Scottie waited.

When the Judge came out from his aunt's room, she suggested that he go down the small staircase and out the side door. "It is much nearer, you know," she reminded him, "to go out through the garden instead of round by the avenue."

"Of course it is," the Judge agreed, "but I did n't know the gate was unlocked."

Being a man of concentration, it is small wonder that the Judge, with his mind upon the lately discussed business affairs, should go out the side door and down the garden path without a thought of Scottie. As he strode along, a vague sense of something missing did oppress him, but it soon wore away. It was not until he stood in the homestead doorway and a voice from the staircase called for Scottie that he realized what he had done.

"Guen, I 'm mortified," he protested. "I came out the back way and forgot all about him; but he 'll come home directly, I 'm sure."

He called this encouragingly as he heard retreating steps on the stairway.

"He won't," the answer floated down. "He'll wait till doomsday."

Supper was a quiet meal. The Judge rose occasionally and went to the door, although his daughter assured him it was of no use. Miss Judith was annoyed by such unnecessary fuss, and Guen spoke only to ask if John might n't drive over and fetch Scottie.

"Certainly not," Miss Judith answered. "John and the horses have had quite enough work to-day."

"Oh, I 'm sure he 'll come back soon," the Judge repeated soothingly.

"If he does n't, he 's very stupid," exclaimed Miss Judith.

Guen turned upon her with flashing eyes. "Is a soldier at his post stupid?" she cried. Then she rose hurriedly from the table and rushed upstairs. To the Judge's inquiries a little later she answered that she would rather not come down.

"She 'll stay in her room and go to bed

early," the Judge reported to Miss Judith. "The poor child does n't feel very well. Scottie will come in before long and cheer her up."

Soon after this, while the Judge and his sister sat serenely reading by the library lamp, a small, dark-cloaked figure crept silently down the back stairs and out by the cellar door.

The roads were almost deserted as Guen hurried along. Once she met a watchman, who looked at her curiously and started to follow her, but she kept steadily on, and he soon turned back. In some places the way was dark, and the wind among the trees made queer sounds, or again the flickering light of a street lamp cast fantastic shadows, but Guen never wavered.

At last she was hurrying up the dark avenue, and at a short distance from the house she paused and listened. A small figure on the front steps started up, and now stood motionless, also listening.

A clear voice sounded in the still air. A glad bark rang out in answer. In a moment they had rushed forward, and were in a glad

embrace. "Come, darling," Guen said. Scottie jumped up and started suggestively toward the house. "No, dear," Guen told him. "He's gone. He didn't mean to forget you, but he just did. I knew you'd be waiting here. I've come to take you home. Come along!"

Scottie knew that whatever his lady decreed was right, so he followed her, and together they hastened joyfully homeward.

"Be very quiet, Scottie," Guen cautioned him as they entered the cellar door, which fortunately was unlocked. "We're conspirators, you know."

When all the house was still, Guen made a second pilgrimage down into the kitchen regions for Scottie's long-delayed supper. He ate it on her hearthstone, wagging his tail vigorously the while, and now and again raising grateful eyes to hers.

"What a greedy boy!" laughed Guen, hovering over him. "No, no, I don't mean that," she murmured as her eyes met his. "What a poor, hungry little boy! Oh, Missy's so glad she found you."

Later, when all was dark, Scottie, troubled perhaps by dreams of his late experience, pattered to his lady's door, which was ajar, and pushed it open. "Is that you, dear?" Guen asked. Then, as her hand sought him in the darkness, she added, with a ripple of laughter, "Oh, Scottie! I've just thought of something funny. You know that dreadful cold which kept me housed for days? It's all gone!" Soon Scottie trotted back to his corner, for his lady had fallen asleep.

"Well, Guen!" remarked the Judge at breakfast, as he peered over his paper at a familiar figure on the doormat, "so Scottie came home last night?"

"Yes," Guen answered demurely. "Scottie came home."

# XIII

## SCOTTIE TO THE RESCUE

ALTHOUGH Scottie was very fond of Helen, once in a while she made him quite indignant. These were the times when she invited Guen to go into town with her in the evening, and took her home afterward to spend the night. He could n't imagine what pleasure they got out of it, and it was dreadfully lonely for him.

One afternoon he watched his lady making certain familiar preparations, and he knew what was forthcoming. The moment a valise was brought down from the attic he grew suspicious, and it was always with relief that he saw it deposited in the Judge's room, or, upon occasions, in Miss Judith's. But this time it was dropped with a bump on Guen's floor, and Guen began busily to pack. This proceeding was punctuated by conversations with Miss Judith which Scottie did not fully under-

stand. There was much putting in and taking out of clothes, and comparison of two dresses about which there seemed to be slight disagreement. Guen kept running from room to room, picking up one thing and then another, and Scottie, unwilling to lose her out of his sight, followed her uneasily.

At last the bag was locked, and Guen put on her outer garments. Scottie watched her gloomily as she sat by her dressing-table pinning on her hat.

"Poor old boy!" she said sympathetically. "You can't go this time. Some other day perhaps Helen will have a party for you."

Whatever happened, Scottie would be courteous to the last. He escorted her downstairs, and stood with her by the front door, waiting for the horse to come.

"Would you like to go over with me, and come back with John?" Guen asked suddenly. "It won't be quite so lonesome as being left behind."

Scottie's attitude changed to one of expectancy, and he barked with wild enthusiasm.

The sleighing was glorious. With jingling bells Gray Friar sped over the closely packed snow, while Scottie, teasing him for being unable to follow, rushed alongside in the softer snow, and plunged in and out of the deep drifts. Guen, bundled up in furs, waved her muff to him, and looked very much as though she would like to give chase.

When they reached the Marshalls' house, Scottie, who was by the steps to receive the sleigh, shook himself dry, and stood respectfully waiting for his lady to alight. He did not jump upon her nor force himself on her in any way; just watched her in wistful silence. He had a faint hope that at the last minute she might relent and let him stay.

"Scottie," she said bending over him, "Missy can't take you. You must go back with John."

He rose wearily, and clambered into the sleigh.

Guen pulled the fur robe around him, and tucked him in so that only his head was visible.

"Oh! you look so funny!" she laughed. But her voice broke. "Good-by, darling," she said.

"Be a good child," and she kissed him between the eyes.

Scottie saw the front door open and Helen put her arms around Guen and draw her inside. Then Gray Friar plunged forward, and bore him away.

The Judge did not come home to dinner, so there was not even the stir of his arrival to break the monotonous evening. Miss Judith attended to Scottie's creature comforts, but so far as companionship was concerned she was of no use whatever. She superintended his supper, saw that he was rubbed dry when he came in from the snow, and that his rug was placed at the right distance from the fire. In short, Miss Judith was conscientious, but unimaginative. When Scottie pressed his cold nose against her hand as she sat reading a big book by the lamplight, she started in surprise.

"Oh! I forgot all about you," she exclaimed.

Scottie rested his head on her knees, and gazed into her face with reproachful eyes.

"Go lie down, there 's a good dog," Miss Judith said uneasily.

Scottie moved away, whining softly.

"Oh, dear!" Miss Judith exclaimed, now quite worried. "I 'm afraid he does n't feel well. His supper must have disagreed with him."

Her plaintive voice smote upon the dog's sensitive ear, which was craving a cheerful tone. Miss Judith meant well, but she simply could n't understand.

Scottie sank down resignedly, and, with head on paws, blinked at the fire and dreamed of his lady.

At ten o'clock precisely, Miss Judith lowered the lights, and went upstairs. Scottie, dozing uneasily by the library door, where he always slept in Guen's absence, heard imaginary noises and rose now and again to prowl restlessly about the house. At last, he heard a sound on the gravel path, cocked his head, listened, and recognized the Judge's step. Then a sudden resolve sprang into his mind. In the half-darkness he crouched close against the wall.

A key rattled in the lock, and as the door swung open, a dark shadow glided out into the night.

When the Judge missed Scottie, and Miss Judith, in disarray, explained that she had left him asleep on the mat, the dog, far away over the snow, was speeding straight for his lady.

It was a glorious moonlight night. Across the silent meadows and through the winding lane, Scottie's path gleamed white underfoot. From the woods, strange voices called him, bidding him come and join in wild forest revels. He paused and flung his head in air, listening. Something within him, hitherto untouched, responded. The wild blood of his forefathers leaped in his veins. Then he thought of his lady, and with nose to the ground, and tail outstretched, he galloped on.

After this, Scottie's route lay through more civilized districts. He had to cross an unpleasant part of the town before reaching his destination. Here, rough men lounging along the sidewalks, jostled him, and some even threw stones, so that he was forced to dodge around corners, and pick his way carefully. Once he

was stopped by two dogs, who demanded explanation of his presence in the streets at so late an hour.

"Do you own the road?" Scottie asked brusquely, chafing at the delay. "Have n't I as much right to be out as you?"

"We 're always out," the larger of the two responded. He was indeed a rough specimen, with a torn ear and blood-shot eyes. "But you look as though you ought to be indoors," he added more kindly.

"I 'm getting there as fast as I can," Scottie answered.

With that, they let him pass, and Scottie, seeing they meant him no harm, turned to say sympathetically, "I 'm mighty sorry if you fellows have n't anywhere to sleep."

"Oh! we 're all right," the spokesman answered carelessly. "We 're used to bumming. We would n't know how to behave in a boudoir, would we, Sammy? Come along." They sauntered off, and Scottie resumed his way. Soon he had left the town behind him, and was climbing the hill which led to Helen's house.

A light gleamed from an upper window — Helen's window.

Scottie pressed his nose against the front door, and whined softly. This was a door which always opened for him. He knew he would not wait in vain. He scratched a little with his paw, then gave three sharp barks, and again waited.

Helen and Guen were making ready for the night, when Guen suddenly stopped short in something she was saying, and listened.

"Helen," she exclaimed, "I 'm sure I heard something at the front door."

Three barks, muffled by two intervening doors, but still distinct to Guen's ears, rang out again. "It 's Scottie," she exclaimed. "How in the world did he get here ?"

The girls stared at each other in amazement, then Guen slipped into her wrapper, and glided down the staircase. Helen leaned over the banisters watching. Guen opened the door, and in rushed a joyful creature, almost knocking her over in his eagerness. Then he made a rush for the stairs in his desire to extend the greeting

to Helen. But at a word from Guen, he swung quickly around, nearly losing his balance in his haste to obey her.

"Scottie dear," his lady whispered, catching him in her arms, "we must be very still. We 'll wake the family."

Her fair hair fell over her shoulders, and, all in flowing white, she looked as on that first night when Scottie came to her.

He thrust his nose against her hand, and silently they stole upstairs together. Behind the closed door of Helen's room they could indulge in all the demonstration they chose. Scottie, fresh and cool, with the night air still upon him, was caressed to his heart's content. He rushed from one girl to the other, at last springing upon the bed, an unheard-of liberty, for which Guen promptly reprimanded him.

"Scottie," she said solemnly, "do you know you were a naughty dog to come over here?"

Scottie wriggled apologetically, but looked nevertheless decidedly pleased with himself.

"Don't you listen to her," Helen told him. "You 're a very clever dog, Scottie."

"You 're a dear old darling," his lady murmured, with her face buried in his soft fur.

The room was dark save for the fire, which burned low, and cast fantastic shadows over the wall. The girls were tucked up in bed. Scottie lay on his mat just outside the half-open door.

"Do you think the fire is all right?" Guen asked sleepily.

"Oh, yes, dear," Helen murmured. "It 's al-m-most out."

The night wore on. Scottie slept restlessly at first, dreaming of his lonely evening with Miss Judith. Several times he had to poke his nose in at the doorway to satisfy himself that it really was his lady who slept there so peacefully. At length he fell into a sound, refreshing sleep.

He was roused with the sense of something unusual — just what, he did not know. He rose uneasily, stretched himself, then something tickled his throat, and he coughed violently. He pushed open the door.

The corner of the room near the fireplace was in flames, and between him and the bed rolled a dense cloud of smoke. Even as he looked a tongue of fire leaped across and caught the muslin coverlid which hung over the foot of the bed.

Through the smoke plunged Scottie, barking wildly, then tearing at the bedclothes. The girls, half smothered by smoke, stirred restlessly.

"Get down, Scottie. I 'm so sleepy," murmured Guen. Scottie made a desperate rush for her face, licked it all over with his wet tongue, then he tugged at the sleeve of her nightdress. Guen stumbled to her feet, and staggered blindly out into the hall. Then, with her hand to her head, she looked back. Scottie, seeing that she was safe, hurled himself upon Helen, nor did he let go till he had forced her to the floor.

The flames had not reached the doorway, and, aided by the light which gleamed in the hall, she groped her way, as Guen had done, to safety.

Scottie, seeing that his charges were safe, leaped across the now burning space, then overcome by smoke fell in a limp mass just inside the room. But Guen, in the clearer air, had regained her senses.

"Scottie! Scottie!" she cried, and, reaching out, she clutched him, and dragged him over the threshold just before the flames shot across the doorway. A second later it was an arch of fire.

The girls shouted, and Scottie raised his choked voice and barked. Helen's father and brother came rushing with pails of water, and scared servants flocked through the entry. The telephone was rung frantically, and soon the engines came clanging up the avenue.

At length the fire was successfully extinguished. Then every one crowded around Scottie, who had been wildly interested in the firemen and their efficient work.

"Helen!" Guen cried, bending over him, "he 's burned. Look at his poor, swollen feet. Oh! you blessed angel, how did you know we were going to be in danger to-night?"

They dressed his smarting wounds, and told him he was a hero, and could n't praise him and pet him enough. If Scottie had been susceptible to flattery, he might have become very vain. As it was, he just drank it all in with placid contentment. His two dear girls were unhurt, and that was all he cared about. He could n't get to sleep for a long time, though they put him on a sofa, and Guen insisted upon sitting up with him all night. His burns hurt too much.

But, half-dozing, he remembered his mother's old-time counsel, " Unless you are eager some day to lay down your life for a dear master or mistress, I shan't think much of you."

Scottie knew that he would have satisfied her this night, and he was content.

# XIV

## HOLIDAYS

Christmas was approaching, and with it came two weeks of happy vacation. Scottie had his lady to his heart's content. There were long, joyous mornings in which she and Helen explored the country-side together, afoot or on horseback, and he served as body-guard. He loved to roam through the fields and wood-paths with them, and when the noon sun shone warmly down, to stop for rest in some sheltered nook. Then Guen and Helen talked, and Scottie listened, or dozed. For constantly as these two were together they never finished all they wished to say to each other.

Scottie loved these quiet rambles, but better still he loved the horseback rides. They had more spirit and dash. When he saw Guen in her habit and swinging her light crop, he raced before her to the stable to greet Sancho and to have a little scrimmage with him before the

start. Then Guen sprang into the saddle and off they started. Sancho plunged through the doorway before Guen quite had gathered up her reins, in his eagerness to overtake the small whirlwind which preceded him. At the cross-roads, Helen awaited them and, scarcely slackening their pace, they swung off from the main road and headed for the open country, cantering joyfully. Scottie looked up into the girls' radiant faces, caught their light laughter as it floated down to him, and tasted to the full the blessing of youth and strength.

One afternoon shortly before Christmas, Guen and Helen sat sewing and discussing plans. These they confided only to Scottie, who always approved, for he placed implicit faith in their good sense.

"It's really demoralizing having such an appreciative listener," Helen laughed from her corner by the fireside. Scottie was smiling up at them in acknowledgment of a lately unfolded project.

"I don't believe it will hurt us a bit. It's such honest approval," answered Guen gayly.

Another person who was having vacation, and who appeared to be passing much of it at the homestead, was young Dr. Clayton. A few days after this, he and Guen went on a long tramp through the woods, and came home laden with holly and pine branches.

"We 've been to Christmas Tree land," Guen announced as they entered with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes.

And indeed they looked as though they had been exploring some newly discovered country.

"Scottie! show daddy what they gave you there," his lady commanded, conscious of the fact that she and the Doctor were too closely the objects of attention.

Scottie strutted about decked in an evergreen wreath which they had twined around his neck. He was so proud of it that he gladly endured the tickling sensation which it produced.

There was much fun and laughter in the evening when they trimmed the house with their Christmas greens. As a last touch, the

Doctor hung a bunch of mistletoe over the library doorway, while Scottie played the discreet and sleepy chaperon.

On the afternoon before Christmas, Guen's and Helen's wonderful plan was realized. Twelve little poor children came and played games, and ate innumerable plates of ice-cream. Then, without having to leave their seats — a most fortunate arrangement under the circumstances — a marvelous vision was disclosed to them. A curtain across the bay window was drawn aside, and suddenly, where all had been dark, there appeared a shining tree laden with candles and ornaments, and, best of all, with more substantial burdens.

By the side of the tree stood a white-bearded figure whom the children all greeted as Santa Claus. Scottie sniffed at his boots and, discovering that it was only the Doctor, nearly gave away the secret by his demonstrative greetings. Guen, always equal to the emergency, saved the day by calling him to her and whispering a new plan in his ear. He was to deliver the presents to the children. So, as the

WE 'VE BEEN TO CHRISTMAS TREE LAND

Doctor unloaded each bundle from the tree, and read out clearly its inscription, Scottie waited eagerly for his part. The moment a small claimant responded to his name, Scottie caught up the package in his mouth, bustled with it around the table, and dropped it at the feet of the delighted child. Some of his burdens were bulky and hard to manage, and he stumbled over them, barking and sneezing in his excitement.

"Don't eat it up entirely, Scottie," Guen warned him as a doll's flaxen head forced its way through the parcel upon which he was taking a fresh grip.

This caused more merriment among the children, in which Scottie cheerfully joined, and as each recipient in turn flung its arms around his neck, he felt fully paid for his exertions.

When all the children had been plentifully supplied with presents, one package still remained on the tree. Santa Claus took it down and called in a ringing voice "Scottie!"

A shout went up from the children more enthusiastic even than any which had greeted

their own presents. Neither was Scottie lacking in interest. He fell upon it without delay, and tugged valiantly at string and paper. Finally, with some help from Guen, a beautiful collar was disclosed, studded with brass nails, and ornamented with a big blue bow. Of course his lady had to put it on for him, and he had to parade around the table to display himself to each child in turn, and to be praised by each.

"Oh! an' don't the pale blue go just lovely with his auburn colorin'," one little girl exclaimed with an ecstatic gasp.

When the children were at length bundled into their clothes and bound for home, one little fellow hugged Scottie longingly, crying, "Oh! I wish I could take you."

His elder sister was deeply mortified by such presumption, but Guen recognized a true dog lover, and asked rather huskily, "Would you like a little dog all your own to love and take care of?"

The child's face shone. "You bet!" he answered.

"I think I'll have to give you one some day," Guen whispered.

Scottie, with gently wagging tail, stood by the doorway to bow out the procession. But he was not to be let off so easily. As the children passed, each in turn fell enthusiastically upon his neck. To all their demonstrations he responded courteously but with reserve. While he liked them, he wished them to understand that they possessed not the slightest power to draw him from his lady's side.

Christmas day brought a renewal of excitements to Scottie. Relatives gathered from far and near, and there were more presents, and more dinners, and more "Tree." There were more children, too, who embraced him fondly when their nurses discovered that he was a safe dog, who would submit to having his ears mauled and his tail pulled. There were older people who praised him when they discovered that he was the dog who saved Guen's life. This, however, was only an incident in Scottie's career, forgotten by him with the healing

of his burns; but the one word "fire!" brought back the old recollection, and while the subject was discussed for the hundredth time he crept to his lady's side and sat gazing into her face.

Scottie was thankful when the evening was over, for it was one of those occasions when people trod on his toes unless he kept discreetly in the background. At last they wound up with a good old-fashioned reel led off by Guen and the Doctor, in which the Judge and even Miss Judith took part. Then Guen and Scottie, two weary companions, trailed upstairs together.

"What a lovely Christmas it has been," his lady murmured to Scottie. "Everybody was so kind to us. Have you noticed how you 've risen in every one's opinion since the fire rescue? Even Aunt Judith sings your praises now." Scottie gave her a look which implied that he did n't much care what people in general thought of him so long as he had her good opinion.

"It 's strange," Guen remarked as she kissed him good-night, "whatever you did, if it were

good or bad, I don't believe I could feel any differently about you. I suppose it's because I love you. I wonder if God feels the same about us."

# XV

## VOICES OF THE NIGHT

The days slipped quietly by, marked for Scottie only by the going and coming of his lady. According to her absence or presence he was grave or gay. There were lonely hours when she was away, but they soon were forgotten in the joy of her home-coming. That was the blessed part. Sooner or later she was sure to come back to him.

When Spring spread her garment of green over the land, and from the woods the voices of bird, breeze, and running brook called to those who would listen, Guen and Scottie, two of Nature's children, heard her summons and responded. When the earth lay panting in the summer heat, they knew where the coolest nooks were to be found. They discovered and called their own a shady dell through which ran a little stream. There Scottie dabbled, and Guen sat on the bank and read and dreamed.

Autumn brought glorious opportunities for long woodland tramps, and winter held the delightful compensation of blazing fires after a bout in the frosty air. For Scottie there was nothing pleasanter than this. He never had such happy dreams as when he dozed by the wood blaze, provided of course that his lady was there too.

Thus from season to season new pleasures followed each other for Guen and Scottie, and the years passed quickly away.

Meantime occurred an event which caused much apprehensive stir in the household—the return of Dick to the neighborhood. Propinquity, however, proved harmless. Time, the great healer, had done its certain work. Guen welcomed her old friend cordially, and a few days later when he departed for college she bade him good-bye without a tremor.

Dick, if one could judge by his remarks, apparently had scattered his affections over a large area and wished to retain only part interest in Guen. Evidently the feeling was mutual, and all cause for alarm was at an end.

Guen told the Judge and Miss Judith that Dick was a nice boy, but young. Having let down her skirts and put up her hair, she was of course qualified to patronize.

One afternoon in November, three years after the advent of Scottie, a familiar trio, composed of a man, a girl, and a dog, might have been seen sauntering across the homestead meadows. There was nothing unusual in this circumstance, nor in the event which followed. Guen and the Doctor sat at opposite sides of the library fireplace with the tea-table between them. Scottie stretched upon the hearth-rug and dozed. If he had been consulted, however, he might have complained that his sleep was less restful than usual. Clayton talked a great deal, and moved around more than seemed necessary. Once, in fact, the tea-table received a sudden jar which set the cups and saucers rattling. Scottie, roused from perturbed dreams, thought that the Doctor had grown very clumsy, and cast him a rebuking glance. Then, soothed by Guen's quiet voice, he dozed peacefully off

again, only to awake when the Doctor took his departure. He sped the parting guest with such enthusiasm that his lady reproved him for his rudeness, and Clayton, patting him genially, told him that he need n't be so cheerful, for he was n't really rid of him.

Scottie thought that they lingered in the hall rather longer than necessity required, and he was just going out to make investigations when the front door closed and Guen came back. She slipped down beside him on the rug and drew his head into her lap. "Scottie, darling," she whispered, pressing her lips close to his soft ear, "do you know that Missy 's going to be very happy?" And somehow the dog divined that this was the moment of all others when his lady craved his sympathy. He pressed close, laid his cheek against hers, and whimpered softly.

"It won't ever make any difference about you," Guen told him. "I shall love you just as much, only — I think there 's room for him too."

Scottie assured her with soft caresses that

he understood. Guen took his head between her hands and looked into his clear eyes. They sat very still. The firelight glowed on the dog's tawny coat, and his white breastplate gleamed like shining armor. No knight of old could have been better equipped to serve his lady.

"Scottie," Guen said, "there's a look in your face that never was there three years ago. It comes from the joy of loving and being loved."

Perhaps Guen did not know that the same light was reflected in her own radiant eyes.

The twilight deepened and closed in around them, and still they stared into the fire and dreamed bright dreams.

Guen's fireside thoughts apparently were of an absorbing nature that night. When Scottie returned fresh and eager from his evening run, no lady awaited him at the hall door. For a few moments he stood on the mat, cocking his head from side to side as faint sounds reached him from within. This was unprofit-

able, and, besides, the air was uncomfortably cold. He trotted down the steps and again sallied forth into the darkness. Whatever detained his lady, he knew that when she was ready for him she would come.

The night was black. Threatening clouds swept across a starless sky. The keen snow-laden air whipped the blood in Scottie's veins. With nose to the ground he galloped across the home meadow. Midway in the open he paused, flung his head in air, and listened. Sounds faint, elusive, such as one may hear even upon the most silent night, reached his ear. From out the deep woods an owl hooted dismally. Somewhere in the distance a dog howled. Scottie, with head erect and tail outstretched, answered the unseen foe with sharp barks of challenge.

Suddenly he became aware of sounds closer by; a rustle in the bushes near the little gate, and men's voices. Tramps were not uncommon in the neighborhood. Eager to protect his charges from possible danger, Scottie crept stealthily forward to investigate.

Two men skulking in the shadow of the wall were talking angrily together.

"What 's the use in hangin' round here all night? I tell you we 've lost him," one of them cried. "He went into the house that time."

"He did n't either. He came back again. I heard him bark just now. There! Listen, you fool."

Scottie, upon hearing the menacing voices, felt that not diplomacy, but immediate action, was needed. In a second he dropped the rôle of detective, and gathering all his forces for direct attack, he plunged through the darkness, barking and snarling. He would give these tramps a scare which would teach them not to come prowling in his master's grounds again. Accordingly he made a rush for the nearer figure now looming dimly against the wall, meaning to drive him unresisting through the gateway. But he little knew with what experts he had to deal. His man did not flinch. Instead he raised his right arm and something whirred in the darkness. Scottie adroitly dodged the impending blow. So this was to be

open warfare! He never before had fought a man, but he supposed that if put to it, it was no worse than fighting a dog. He made a spring for the man's throat, so sudden that it would have taken him off his guard, but for an attack in an unexpected direction.

Just as Scottie's teeth gripped the man's collar, a blow in the back sent him spinning through the air. A second later he lay sprawling upon the ground, bruised and indignant. Two to one were unfair odds, and he knew no rules which permitted a third party to strike from the rear. Hatred and fury, sensations hitherto unknown to Scottie, raged in his breast. Like some wild beast seeking vengeance, he sprang snarling upon his persecutors. But it was of no use. A deft kick knocked his feet from under him, and before he could recover himself something was flung over his head; something soft and thick which muffled his moans of protest. Then they knotted a rope around his neck and jerked him to his feet. Frightened and bewildered, he followed them blindly. Not a word was spoken nor a sugges-

tion made as to what they expected of him. Only by twitches upon the rope could he know which way he was to turn. By the feeling of the ground underfoot he soon realized that they had left the home meadow and were out on the open road. A few moments of hurry and silence, then rustling leaves and snapping twigs told him that they had turned into the woods.

A horse neighed, a queer, smothered neigh, and there was a sound of creaking wheels. The party halted. Scottie found himself swung bodily into a wagon, and a moment later they all drove rapidly away.

It seemed to Scottie as though he had been driving forever in the darkness, hearing no sound but the steady clatter of hoofs and the occasional murmur of men's voices. Now and then he leaned back against his companions' knees to remind himself that he was not all alone.

The wind blew sharply. Scottie was cold and cramped. At last the horse steadied into a walk and Scottie, sliding forward in the buggy,

knew that they were descending a long hill. At the bottom they stopped. The bag was drawn from his head, and the rope was unbound from his neck. Then they filed and scraped till they removed his collar, — his beautiful collar which Guen had given him, — and in its place put a plain strap with a leash attached.

Meanwhile Scottie sniffed the air and peered curiously into the darkness. They were on a country road which, though silent and deserted, somehow seemed very familiar. One of the men got out and walked impatiently back and forth. The other looked at his watch and swore.

Suddenly a low whistle sounded, and a man emerged from the bushes. There was a whispered consultation, then the new-comer took the leash and bade Scottie follow him. This he did eagerly, for he had a feeling that this man, at least, must be friendly, and would take him back to his lady. The other men drove rapidly away in the darkness, and he was thankful to be rid of them. He and his new companion set out in the opposite direction.

Presently, Scottie got his bearings. They were near the Valley Farm cross-roads, but he knew that the road they were following led neither toward home nor to the kennels. Before long they arrived at an out-of-the-way railroad station. Scottie remembered it well, for in the old days he sometimes had gone there when they were shipping dogs away from the kennels in big crates.

To-night the little station looked lonely and deserted. As they drew nearer, one dimly lighted window blinked at them through the darkness like a sleepy eye. Closer investigation revealed a yawning station master whose pleasant nap they apparently had disturbed. Finding, however, that nothing was demanded of him, he went comfortably back to his bench. Man and dog paced the platform together, and, in the flickering light, Scottie peered wistfully at his companion. He did not seem to be a bad sort, so Scottie wagged his tail by way of friendly overture.

The man patted him in a cold, impersonal way. It was evident that he was no friend.

A moment later the sleepy station master awoke to activity. A train rumbled up to the station. Scottie was bustled unceremoniously aboard, and he and his companion were whirled away in the darkness.

Scottie's former experience in trains had been of sitting on the seat opposite Guen and Helen, and looking out of the window. Now in a dingy smoking-car, he lay crouched at the stranger's feet, and if he had been urged to sit upon the seat he would not have had the heart to do so. When the conductor passed through the car, Scottie raised his head from his paws in the hope of recognizing a familiar form, but sank down again, disappointed.

"Good-lookin' dog you've got there," remarked the conductor genially.

"Think so?" the man answered carelessly. "I jest bought him over at the kennels."

Scottie dozed and dreamed of his lady, and awoke to find that they were still thundering through the darkness. Once they changed cars, and after a while, amidst noise and glare, the

train rolled into a great city. Of these changes Scottie was only dimly conscious. Like one in a lethargy, without will or purpose of his own, he followed blindly.

Thus the night wore away.

Meanwhile, a wild-eyed, disheveled little figure knocked at the Judge's door. The Judge, wakened from a first delicious nap, rose and slipped into his dressing-gown.

"Has n't Scottie come in yet?" he asked kindly, surveying his visitor from the doorway.

A sound, meant to convey words, but which turned into a sob, answered him.

"Well, well!" the Judge said cheerily, "what a gad-about he 's getting to be."

"He is n't anything of the sort," gasped the girl. "He 's lost, he 's st-olen — I know it."

"Nonsense, dearie," the Judge answered, putting his hand on the quivering shoulder. "He 'll be coming back in the morning with a fat, brown rabbit. Now go to bed, and get a good sleep, and you 'll wake up and find him."

It was only the Judge himself who profited

by this excellent advice. All through the night a solitary figure watched by the library fire. From time to time the outer door opened, and a voice cried into the darkness, "Scottie! Scottie!"

And when the gray morning dawned, Guen was still keeping vigil.

# BOOK III

## THE WANDERER

# XVI

## A STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND

If Scottie had known of police detectives, and had realized that they were already on the trail of his kidnappers, his own actions doubtless would have been different. Unfortunately, he could only obey his instinct, and that bade him break from bondage and return to his lady. Accordingly, he took prompt advantage of the first means of escape.

It happened in this way. On the afternoon following Scottie's capture, the train was rumbling steadily along through suburban districts. A general stir in the car indicated that they were approaching the end of the route. Scottie got up to forestall the expected kick of reminder from his companion, for though he had known him only a few hours, — at some time of the night he had again changed hands, — he knew the man's ways all too well. He cast a furtive glance toward the seat, but instead of the

alert man he expected to see, there drooped in the corner a somnolent figure.

At that moment there was a sudden pressure of brakes. The train slowed down, then came to a full stop. A brakeman hurried through the car, and left the rear door swinging open. A whiff of cold air swept in, and stirred Scottie to sudden activity. He cast one glance at his still sleeping companion, then he cleared the aisle with a bound, and sprang through the doorway and down the steps. When, a few moments later, the sleeper awoke with a start to find himself alone, the train had proceeded on its way, and the dog was an invisible speck in the distance.

Thus it was that Scottie not only evaded his captors, but baffled the detectives who might have rescued him. At the terminal station they were awaiting a man with a collie dog, and no such pair put in an appearance. Of course they supposed their man had escaped them on the way, and they immediately started upon another trail. The man in question, finding that investigations were on foot, did not dare in-

volve himself by searching for Scottie. Cursing himself for his stupidity, he made a rapid escape.

What hope of discovery was there for a stray dog, three hundred miles from home, alone in a great city?

Scottie's first sensation when he and his captor parted company so abruptly was one of intense relief in finding himself alone at last. Once free from the bondage of these bad men who were in league against him, he felt that he would find his lady. But he was haunted by the fear of pursuit, and so in order to put all possible distance between himself and the fleeing train, he galloped madly in the opposite direction. He kept to a path at the side of the tracks, but every little while trains thundered by him, perilously near.

At last, frightened and exhausted, he sank down and looked about him. He saw a side street leading from the railroad, and decided to follow it. Soon he found himself in the midst of the noise and confusion of a large

town. Cars and carts rumbled by in all directions. People hurried and jostled each other. Swarms of children played in the streets. Teamsters shouted unintelligible language, and swore at their horses.

Scottie never before had been in such a place except with his lady. Then, if frightened, he need only look up into her face and receive a reassuring word, or an encouraging pat on the head. Utterly bewildered, he now ran up and down the streets, anxiously scanning the face of each passer-by. Some stopped to stroke him before going on; others hurried by without a glance.

Two girls came laughing and chattering down the sidewalk. Scottie's heart bounded. He went part way to meet them, and faintly wagged his tail. The girls stopped.

"Why, Flo, just look at that dog!" one of them exclaimed. "He wants to make friends."

They were the first persons who had spoken kindly to him for nearly twenty-four hours, and Scottie felt almost inclined to drop at their feet. But native reserve held him back.

"Why don't you take him home with you?" Flo asked.

Scottie's brown eyes sought the girl's face.

"Oh! I could n't," she answered brusquely. "Besides, I 'm sure he is n't a real lost dog. He 's just strayed away. He 's got a good home somewhere."

Unfortunately for Scottie, an appearance of prosperity is not shed in a single night and day.

The girls sauntered cheerfully onward. Scottie followed for a few steps, then turned back disconsolately.

The next persons who accosted him were a woman and a small boy. At least it was the boy who spoke to him. He was a square-set, jolly fellow, and Scottie responded to his caresses eagerly, for he seemed like Guen's little nephew. The mother drew him nervously away.

"I think that 's a collie dog," she said, "and they 're very treacherous."

The child had twined his arms around Scottie's neck.

"He 's a lost dog," he said. "Muvver, let 's take him home."

"Oh, no!" the mother answered, with the superior knowledge of a grown-up. "He is n't lost. See how well-cared-for he looks. He 's a naughty dog who has just run away."

"Is he?" the child answered reluctantly. "Then wun home, you dear old doggie."

He gave Scottie a parting hug, then, with hand clasped in his mother's, he trotted obediently away. Several times, however, he turned to look back, and each time the sad-eyed dog was sitting motionless on the pavement watching him.

In this position Scottie was much in the way of hurrying pedestrians. The first man who tripped over him stopped to apologize, but the next kicked him roughly aside. It was the first time Scottie ever had been struck wholly without provocation, as it seemed, and it roused a great sense of wonder within him. He got out of the way as quickly as he could, resolved that this should not happen again. The man,

meantime, swinging idly along, was soon lost in the crowd.

Scottie made his way to a doorway, and there he lay wearily down. But he still watched each passer-by, and sometimes a faint look of familiarity would set him in eager pursuit, only to drop back again dejected. Some were interested, some were indifferent, all were careless; for the world is slow to take responsibility.

The afternoon wore away, and night came on. Scottie dozed a little, but his sleep was haunted by the sounds about him. Waking suddenly from a dream of being whirled through the darkness, he remembered that it was a clattering train which had brought him hither, and that he must use the same means to get back. He jumped up, and, with a new hope, started in the direction of the railroad. Suddenly his legs shook under him, as they used to do in his puppyhood days at the kennels. An aching, hollow sensation seized him, but it was very different from the feeling he sometimes had had at the homestead when a meal

had been postponed for an hour or two. In the last twenty-four hours he had not touched food. Unable to go on, he turned into an alley-way, and sank down in a dark corner. There, as the night wore on, and the streets became deserted, he saw lean cats skulk from their hiding-places, and dart in and out among the shadows. He saw two dogs prowl through the alley, sniffing the ground as though in search of food. They were common street curs, the same type which Scottie had met on that night-journey of his to Helen's house; but how different his own position! Then he had pitied them from a distance. Now he was filled with a sudden sense of kinship for these hungry and homeless ones. He clambered painfully to his feet and started to follow the two strangers. Apparently they had got wind of a promising dump, for they were making an eager exit through a narrow hole in the fence. As Scottie moved into the light, however, a burly figure suddenly appeared out of the shadow and bore down upon him. Scottie had had little practical experience with dog-catch-

ers, but something told him that this one meant mischief. The man came lumbering forward, muttering something about "Now I've got you, you sneaking cur." Scottie, however, mustering what strength he could, dodged him and fled. His old-time agility helped him now. It was a hot chase, but Scottie twisted and turned, and finally, by a rubbish-heap which he scaled successfully, but over which his swearing pursuer fell headlong, they parted company.

Filled with a terror of dreaded unknown things, Scottie rushed on until at last he found some steps under which was a small opening, and there, completely exhausted, he took refuge.

# XVII

## A FRIEND IN NEED

In Oriental Court the business of life begins early in the day. The first streaks of light had scarcely penetrated Scottie's hiding-place when he heard sounds overhead. A man's heavy footsteps shook the boards above him so close to his head that he trembled with a new-found fear. Then they descended the steps, and finally, to his intense relief, the sound died away in the distance. Presently he heard a woman's voice accompanied by vigorous sounds of sweeping. She was singing cheerily, but even that could not counteract his early impression of women with brooms, so he crawled farther into his hole.

Later, a group of noisy, laughing children clattered down the steps. Scottie listened eagerly till they were out of hearing. It was bright daylight now, and faint streaks of sunshine gleamed through the opening of his cave.

Crawling from his bed of damp earth and stones, he peered out upon a world of back-yards filled with fluttering clotheslines. But he did not venture forth. The experience of the night before was still too vivid.

The day wore on, and dusky shadows filled the court. Suddenly a pleasant voice which must belong to the songstress of the broom, called lustily, "Say, Mrs. Mulligan, won't yer come over, an' have a drop o' tay?"

A voice from across the court questioned whether Mrs. Mahony was really at leisure to receive guests.

"Sure an' it 's nothin' at all I 'm doin'," came the reassuring response. "Tim off to wurruk, an' the kids not yit back from school. There 's niver a soul at home but the babies."

Ascending footsteps over Scottie's head followed this announcement, and soon cheerful voices from within, and a clatter of dishes, told him that a tea-party was in progress.

There are pangs of hunger which will not be ignored. Come what might, Scottie could bear his present condition no longer. Protected now

by the dim light, he dragged his cramped limbs through the narrow doorway, and climbed painfully up the steps. Even in his early visit to the kennels kitchen, his gait was not more faltering than now. He rested his head on the window-ledge, and looked into the room. He saw two women sitting by a hot stove drinking tea, and two babies rolling near by on the floor.

Scottie whined softly. One of the women pushed back her chair, and quickly crossed the room. Scottie stood motionless. Perhaps she would strike him, perhaps she would push him down the steps. He did n't care much. Anyway he had no strength to move. But what she really did was to fling open the door, and put her arms around him. She was a young, fresh-faced woman, and her arms were strong and gentle.

"Look at the poor darrlint!" she cried. "Who 's been abusin' you so? Come in where it 's warrum."

Scottie followed her with wavering steps across to the stove, then sank down in an ex-

hausted heap. Immediately the two women fell to work with a will. First they rubbed him vigorously, then they wrapped him in hot blankets, despoiling the babies on the floor for the purpose.

"Stop yer cryin', Mike Mahony, you good for nuthin'," exclaimed the mother when that young person set up a lusty wail of protest at having his blanket torn from under him.

"Whin was you ever starrved an' froze like this poor creetur', I 'd like to know? The poor angel!" she cried, as in her energetic ministrations she caused Scottie to give a yelp of pain. "What brute 's been a-kickin' yer, I 'd like to know. See, Mrs. Mulligan, that ugly lump on his shoulder. I 'd like to get afther him that done it."

She drew the blanket aside, then wrapped it close about the dog's throat again. Scottie kissed her hand, and tried to wag a much restricted tail.

"Bless his hearrt!" the woman cried. "He 's sayin' he 's sorry for cryin' out that way. Whin did ye iver do the loike, Jimmy an' Mike, I

want ter know, if yer poor mither hit ye a little harrd by accident?"

The babies, now fascinated by the unusual proceedings, had wriggled close to the stove and were staring at Scottie with great round eyes. He lay basking in the warmth, only his head and the tip of his plumy tail visible.

"Ain't it the swatest face ye iver see?" the mother cried as they all bent admiringly over Scottie. "An' his eyes! — I niver seen eyes loike them, so kind an' trustin', except on me baby that doied. Indade, he puts me much in moind of me poor little Timmy. Take care now! Be rale gentle with him, Mike," she cried, restraining the eager fingers which clutched Scottie's soft coat. "He 's too tirred to sthand maulin', an' he 's too perlite to say so."

Scottie lay in blissful silence, listening to this tender talk. The pronunciation might differ from his lady's, but the feeling which prompted it was the same. It was all the language of love; the only language he perfectly understood.

Presently this kind goddess poured warm

milk for him to drink — at first, only a very little. He lapped it up ravenously, and begged for more.

"No, darrlint, only a little at a toime," she told him.

So at intervals he was given this soothing beverage, until the hollow, aching sensation began to go away.

"Phat are ye goin' to do with him?" Mrs. Mulligan inquired tentatively.

Scottie, to the babies' infinite amusement, was standing on the hearth looking like an animated bundle, and lapping vigorously. Huge safety-pins secured his covering at points where it was in danger of slipping.

"Sure an' I 'm goin' to kape him," responded Mrs. Mahony with characteristic energy. "One, more or less, in a family loike ours, don't mather. That 's what I says to Tim whiniver a new baby comes. It 's as aisy to pervide fer eight as fer siven, I says to him when Jimmy was borrn."

Mrs. Mulligan glanced ruefully at the fast-emptying milk can.

"Oh, that 's aisy fixed," responded her hostess, casting a critical glance in the same direction. "We 'll all of us give up a little. 'Tain't much for each one to do, but takin' all our eight portions together it 'll make a good meal for the little feller — an' then there 's always scrraps."

"Sure an' it 's thim that have the least that gives up the most," murmured Mrs. Mulligan thoughtfully.

As the mother had predicted, six hungry Mahonys gladly curtailed their evening meal for Scottie's benefit. Only the babies were exempt from sacrifice. The two older boys said that it was n't fair to cheat the little ones, so they made double denial to bring up the average. Scottie was passed from one to another to be hugged and kissed, and he did his best to respond, for it was beautiful to be in an atmosphere of approval again.

The children could talk of nothing else but this wonderful thing which had happened to them. Little Nora was sure that Dod was sorry

that he could n't give her the doll she wanted at Christmas, so he had sent this lovely doggie instead.

"It is n't God who sends the Christmas presents," her practical elder sister objected.

But Nora was too hopelessly confused between the relative personalities of Dod and Santa Claus to be easily set right. Besides, she was just then too happy to care. She was cuddled close against Scottie with one soft arm clasping his neck, and presently her head drooped upon his breast, and she fell asleep. Scottie grew tired and cramped, but he would not stir for fear of waking her.

It took the combined efforts of the family to find a name for this new member. Finally "Waif" was chosen as being both short and suitable; though Mrs. Mahony protested that it was too sad, and made her feel like cryin' just to hear it.

The boys sat up until a late hour, discussing means for saving their small earnings to buy a dog collar, and to pay the license fee, and so keep this adorable creature in the family.

When they at last went to bed, Scottie slept in their room.

News that the Mahonys had a dog, spread like wild-fire. The next day, Scottie was the one object worthy of notice in Oriental Court, and he held an informal reception there from daylight to dark. He received all attentions gracefully, and acknowledged them with courtesy, but without effusion. He did willingly whatever was requested of him, though it was to be dressed up and made ridiculous by the younger children. In fact, he regarded these youngsters as in his charge, and mounted special guard over Nora, who had a tendency toward straying into the street. But, released from duty when the children were away, he would slip under the kitchen table, and for hours at a time lie quietly with head on paws.

On the third day after his arrival, the children upon coming home from school were greeted tearfully by their mother.

"We can't kape him much longer," she told them.

"Can't keep him?" echoed the children.

(Their American bringing-up had somewhat blunted the mother tongue.) "Why, you 're not a-goin' to give him up, are you?"

"Not I — it 's him who 's goin' to give us up now that he 's well and strrong ag'in," gulped Mrs. Mahony.

The children had flung themselves in a body upon Scottie, who woke from his apathy, and tried to return four eager caresses at once.

"Oh, mother! he can't mean to leave us," one of the boys protested. He and Scottie were rubbing noses. "Just see how sweet and loving he is!"

"Swate an' lovin', yis!" the mother agreed, "becuz he don't know how to be nothin' diff'-rent, the darrlint; but his hearrt ain't in it, I tell yer. He 's thinkin' of somethin' else all the time."

Doubtless, Scottie's loyal nature was torn because he must so ill requite the kindness which he had received. He refused to play with the children that evening, and even Nora's tender blandishments could not lure him from beneath the table. When, of his own accord, he did

come forth it was to sit at Mrs. Mahony's feet with his head on her knees, and with sombre eyes raised to hers.

"Oh, darrlint! it brreaks me hearrt to have ye look at me that way," she wailed.

Scottie sighed tremulously. He wanted to tell her that if he could have his way, he would keep her and the children, and find his lady too.

"We must watch him real careful to-night," one of the boys said anxiously.

"We must do nothin' of the sorrt," his mother sternly retorted. "We must let him obey his own feelin's, Larry Mahony; they won't lade him asthray."

Next morning, Mrs. Mahony, finding the outer door ajar, did not attempt to interfere with what seemed to be the finger of Fate. She turned her back, and tearfully busied herself with her pots and pans.

So Scottie crept out unobserved into the gray, frosty dawn, and set silently forth upon his quest. One fixed purpose still possessed his

mind. With nose to the ground, he followed his old trail until he reached the railroad track. There the trains — great, self-important things — rushed headlong past him. But, at last, after due search, he found the place where they stopped. In the wake of a harmless-looking man he boarded the first train that came, and when it was discovered that he and the man had no connection, they were whirling rapidly on their way.

Scottie unfortunately could not realize that each train has its particular destination. Knowing only that it was a snorting monster which had brought him hither, he trustingly expected that this creature of the same species would bear him back. In a few minutes, however, it came to a standstill in a big station, and plainly signified its intention of going no farther.

The passengers were leaving the car, and some cast critical glances at Scottie, so there was nothing for him to do but to steal out also. One man tried roughly to lay hands upon him. Scottie drove him back by snarling viciously,

and by this means he won his way down the platform. Never before had he done such a thing, and it made him feel sick.

He had guarded his freedom, but to what purpose? To stand alone in the noise and turmoil of a great city; to peer with bewildered eyes into a sea of unsympathetic faces; to wander homeless and forlorn.

Meanwhile, there was alarm, then sorrowful certainty in Oriental Court. The little Mahonys mourned the loss of a dearly loved friend, and refused to be reconciled.

"There 's some one that loves him even bether than us," their mother told them through her tears. "Of that I 'm sarrtin; and it 's some dear lady, I 'm thinkin'. God grrant he may foind her."

# XVIII

## THE MOURNERS

And what of the dear lady whom Scottie sought?

When the Judge came down to breakfast on the morning following the dog's capture, he missed the eager pair which usually awaited him.

"Where 's Guen?" he asked.

"They say she 's gone off somewhere on Sancho," Miss Judith answered, without raising her eyes from her plate.

Whether this was a sign of emotion, or of disapproval, it was impossible to discover. The voice was non-committal.

"What!" the Judge exclaimed with sudden recollection. "Has n't Scottie come back yet?"

He walked to the window, and looked out anxiously. Presently he saw a pony with a hatless rider, coming slowly up the avenue. The pony's head drooped languidly, and his black coat was flecked with foam. Soon a silent

figure glided across the hall. The Judge hurried to the door.

"Tell me about it," he said gently, stopping Guen by the staircase.

The white face she turned to his seemed to have grown suddenly old, as though the sorrows of years had crossed it in the night.

"He did n't come back with a fat brown rabbit," she said.

Her voice sounded flat and far away, like one who speaks in a dream.

"Where have you been?" the Judge asked, trying to detain her.

"To the police station," she answered in the same muffled voice.

For a moment she stood silent, looking at him vaguely as through a mist, then she turned and climbed wearily up the staircase.

"We 'll find him," the Judge called encouragingly.

He was answered only by a sob, followed by the quick closing of a door.

"We've got to find him!" Miss Judith cried, striding into the hall.

Her face was set, and her hands twitched nervously. She was one of those unfortunate persons who show their best feelings only when too late to be of active use.

The cook, haunted with remorse for occasional censure which she had passed upon Scottie, now that she considered him "most likely kilt, poor angel," stood forlornly in the pantry doorway, aimlessly holding the bone reserved for his breakfast.

The little German maid sniffed audibly as she removed the dishes. She was remembering how Scottie had sat in the doorway, and begged, "yust yesterday morning."

John was at the front door — of his own accord awaiting orders — an unusual concession on his part.

The Judge, forgetting that he was leaving his breakfast half finished and his paper unread, hurried off to town half an hour earlier than usual.

One thought and purpose dominated the household: Scottie must be found and restored to his lady.

While there was active work to be done, while a ray of hope glimmered, even though faint and elusive, Guen could not quite lose heart. Still, it was a ghost of her former self, "with a look in her eyes fit to break your heart," the police captain said, who haunted all places where news of Scottie might be found. A tired little ghost who scarcely ate or slept, but whose tireless brain teemed with wise suggestions. But when a week of alternate hope and disappointment had passed by, when all efforts had come to nothing and the police acknowledged themselves baffled, then Guen's grief hardened into despair.

On the afternoon of the seventh day a disconsolate form slipped out from the homestead portals — not because the outdoor world possessed attraction, but because life within had become unbearable. In her own room the firelight danced on Scottie's worn spot upon the rug. The hallways seemed to echo his pattering step, and every opening door suggested his coming.

Out upon the meadows, Helen found Guen, wandering like a lost spirit. Silently she slipped

her arm around the lonely little figure, and they walked on together. This was Helen's way. During these dark days she was always at hand, but never intrusive. Yet this afternoon she wondered, as she sometimes had done before, whether her companion really was conscious of her presence. Absorbed in her thoughts, Guen seemed to be living in a world of her own which no one else might enter. When she spoke, it was as though she was thinking aloud, rather than addressing any one in particular.

"How bare and blank the meadows look!" she said.

Helen drew her aside into the narrow wood-road.

"Scottie's path," Guen whispered after they had walked some time without speaking. "How he loved these woods!"

Helen sought in vain for an unfamiliar spot which would bring no reminder of the missing one.

On the top of Green Hill, by a clump of slim white birches, they paused for rest. Below them lay bleak fields and misty valleys. Guen

stretched out her arms. "It 's all Scottie's," she said. "All his."

The cool wind cut sharply across their cheeks.

"Come, dear," Helen said, drawing Guen's arm more closely within her own.

Thus, throughout the gray afternoon, they walked together. It was dusk when they parted at the homestead. Then Guen slid her arms around Helen's neck and buried her head on Helen's shoulder.

"I 'm a br-ute," she gulped, for Helen served as silent prop and, asking no questions, at last encouraged confidence. "I don't see how any of you s-stand me, but oh! Helen, it is n't my real self that 's here. Half of me has gone with Scottie."

Sitting on the rug by the library fire with her head sunk in the armchair, the Doctor found Guen half an hour later. One look into her eyes told him that she had read the weariness which lay in his, and knew that his last search had been in vain.

"You went all that distance for nothing," the sad voice whispered. "I think you 're very good."

"Good!" the man exclaimed. He stood on the hearth looking down at her hungrily. "Do you suppose that *goodness* would make me want to give up everything for the least chance of bringing you happiness? Oh! I 'm not complaining, Guen," he added, as a shadow crossed the girl's face. "I 'm content to keep on just this way, if you 'll only say that some day you 'll really give me your love."

"You have it now, Jim," Guen said faintly. "Just as you had it when we sat here together a week ago — only now —" She stretched out her arms in the firelight. "It 's all so empty," she ended pitifully.

The man took a swift step toward her, then stopped abruptly. Scottie's vacant place suddenly seemed like an impassable chasm which yawned between them, and Guen was an elusive spirit hovering upon its farther side.

"Poor little lonely child," he said as he looked

down at her. "When are you going to let me come across and comfort you?"

"I 'm afraid you must wait till I can come to you, Jim," she answered him sadly.

"Do you think it quite fair," the man exclaimed with renewed warmth, "to shut yourself away with your grief where I can't get to you?"

At this a veil seemed to fall from Guen's eyes, and quick understanding shone there.

"Oh, Jim!" she cried. "It is n't just *my* loneliness that hurts; it 's Scottie's. If it 's only for ourselves, I think we can bear almost anything, but when it 's for one we love —" She broke off, her voice choked with tears.

"I know," the Doctor said, sitting down on the rug beside her so that he might look into her eyes. "It 's the doubt; the uncertainty —"

"Yes, yes, that 's it," Guen whispered. "Not to know — Oh! if he were lying right here before me, dead, I think I could bear it. I mean if he had slipped quietly away without any pain or grief. Then I could hold him once in my arms, and be thankful he was out of harm's

reach. But now — I follow him everywhere — *everywhere.*"

She buried her head in her hands as though trying to hide some hideous sight from her eyes.

The Doctor came closer. "I 'm sure he 'll have good care, dear," he said, lying bravely in his attempt to comfort her. "No one could be unkind to Scottie."

"You 're only saying that to cheer me," Guen sighed.

The Doctor could think of no reassuring response, but a simpler form of sympathy occurred to him, and he took the quivering figure in his arms. Then, for some reason, what he said seemed to be of less importance, and he found himself repeating over and over quite foolishly, "It will all come right, dear. I know it will. We 'll have Scottie back again before long."

And after a while, Guen, unresisting but impassive, stirred in the hollow of his arm, and pressed her cheek against his shoulder.

"I feel so too, Jim," she whispered. "And

some day you and Scottie and I will be sitting here happily together."

To a more selfish nature this would have been doubtful comfort, but the Doctor knew what love meant, so he understood, and was content to wait.

# XIX

## THE WHITE DOOR

It is no easy matter to learn to readjust one's whole mental attitude toward life. Scottie, issuing from a protected existence into battle with an unfriendly world, found the process a puzzling one. In his early puppyhood days he had taken to heart his mother's maxim, "Never provoke a fight, but, once in, never let go."

At first he followed this advice because he knew that whatever his mother said must be right, but soon he proved its worth by personal experience. He found that one who takes a friendly attitude toward life is likely to receive friendliness in return. There were, as exceptions, dogs who snarled absolutely without provocation and men who made rough speech a habit, but Scottie found few of either species whom a pleasant manner could not propitiate. Toward the rest it was better to show utter indifference, unless of course one was openly

challenged, in which extreme case it was necessary to use brute force.

Scottie never had been "hail fellow, well met" with man or beast, but during his happy life at the homestead he was strengthened in his attitude of unobtrusive friendliness.

Love ruled Guen's world, and it had brought a rich return to her and to Scottie. They had smiled at Life, and even in adverse mood had evoked a smiling response.

Now, however, in this lonely world where Scottie wandered, no previous rule could be followed with safety. He might approach one man wistfully with gently wagging tail, and receive in return a blow, and a rough command to be off; while the next man, of no more respectable appearance, would give him a friendly greeting, and even a bite to eat. How was one to judge when there was no chance to sniff a person over?

By no inclination of his own, Scottie was soon following a descending scale from friendliness to antagonism. There was no safety in being merely passive. The kick he had received

when sitting harmlessly on the sidewalk taught him that he must be constantly upon the alert for unprovoked attack. Then, as time went on, he discovered that even the defensive attitude was not sufficient. In this struggle for self-preservation he must be ready to strike first.

To have to be suspicious was bad enough, but when he was forced into direct attack upon a butcher's boy, Scottie felt that indeed he had fallen low. But what else could he do? If he had begged for the meat (Scottie reasoned from experience), the boy would not have given it to him. If he had persisted, for hunger fosters boldness, the boy doubtless would have struck him. So there was no other way but to rush barking, and even to snap viciously at the urchin's heels, until in fright he dropped his package.

When Scottie had devoured the meat in a dark alley where he had fled for safety, he was strengthened in body, — for it was his first food in many days, — but he felt miserably sick at heart.

Gradually, Scottie grew more and more confused in regard to the principles of right and wrong. Once it would have been an offense to poke in other people's garbage heaps, and an unpardonable sin to take what did not belong to him. Now, apparently, in this grim world where everybody was fighting for himself, nothing one did was wrong so long as one was not found out.

Nevertheless, Guen's gentle instructions still remained firmly in Scottie's mind. That impression, combined with his constant yearning for human sympathy, kept him among people, and made him, when instinct so directed, appeal to their feelings, rather than attack them by force.

After the episode with the butcher's boy, he felt so ashamed that he decided to try a personal effort once more. He had the good fortune, in a poor quarter of the city, to fall in with a kind-hearted woman, who, after dark, fed him surreptitiously from her kitchen window. But one day a policeman loomed in sight, and after that, though Scottie came back for

three nights and whined softly under the window, his friend would not reappear. She would have liked to explain to him, poor woman, that the question concerned a dog license which she could not afford to pay. Scottie did not know the reason, but he realized that his presence had become undesirable, and so, though he was desperately hungry, he crept patiently away.

Under these conditions it was not unnatural that the impression of distance from home, which his railway journey at first had made upon Scottie, should have faded now from his mind. Sometimes, to be sure, a rumbling train or a clanging engine awoke some half-forgotten memory, and impelled by a sudden purpose, he would trot eagerly down the street. But he would stop in bewilderment after a few moments when the impression had faded away.

The one possession which his confused brain would not give up was its thought of Guen. He clung persistently to his hope of finding her, for there never had been a time when she had not come to him in trouble. So he sat upon

the street corners until ordered off, watching the passers-by, and waiting.

They were strangely illusive, these people who constantly fluttered past. They had a way of approaching with Guen's light step, with the Judge's serious manner, or the Doctor's ringing laugh, only to take on unfamiliar guise upon close investigation.

If his lady could not come to him, Scottie must go to her. So in rain and cold and darkness, through the lonely alleys and crowded thoroughfares of the great indifferent city, he kept persistently on his way. And always, among an ever-changing sea of faces, he sought the one he loved.

Even more difficult than to know the person one may accost with safety, is to choose wisely the doorstep one will lie upon. The closed door, which, even in prosperous days, had been Scottie's aversion, now possessed new terrors, for its inscrutable exterior might with equal likelihood hide a kind friend or a lurking enemy. One might be bidden to enter the magic

portals, or thrust unceremoniously into the street.

It was not often that Scottie tempted fate in this direction, but sometimes when he was half starved and utterly disheartened by the life of the street, a comfortable doormat in an open vestibule gave a suggestion of hospitality which he could not ignore. Then there was always the hope that in the light and warmth beyond, his lady might await him.

It was late one winter's afternoon that Scottie found himself on a certain noisy corner. Behind him lay the crowded thoroughfare from which he had just fled, before him stretched a quiet, secluded street with a suggestion of homelikeness, for it reminded him of a place he used to visit with Guen. In the half-darkness he looked about for a possible resting-place. The babel behind him of confused voices and jangling bells brought a vivid recollection of the terrors he had escaped. It seemed to him as he now paused a moment to take breath that he always had been running, running with terrible pursuers close upon his heels. To evade

them he had splashed through mud and mire, for the February thaw had set in, and the streets were like blackened rivers.

Cold and shivering, Scottie pattered down the street, casting a furtive glance at each house in turn in the faint hope that some sign would reveal to him where he could find rest.

A messenger boy was ringing the bell at a certain house, and Scottie paused near by; but as the door opened, a harsh voice from within greeted him, and Scottie fled in haste. The boy threw a snowball which narrowly escaped the dog's hind legs.

At length Scottie came back to a house before which he had paused at first. It was lower than the others, and more old-fashioned, and was marked from the darker structures which towered above it by a wide white door. Although these details were not apparent to Scottie, he felt the indefinable air of friendliness which the house conveyed, and he noticed the broad low steps which would be easier to mount than the others, and safer in case of an attack from above. In spite of this, however, Scottie,

in his worn-out condition, found the climb a painful one. There was a rug at the top, fortunately, and there he sank down.

Later on, men returning from business came through the street and entered houses near by. Scottie heard the rattle of their keys in the locks, and waited, half in hope, half in fear, for the owner of the white door. But none came.

Presently there issued faint sounds from within; then some one opened the door, and stood peering out into the darkness. Scottie raised his head listlessly, but he had no power to move.

"Pray don't take cold, dear sister," a voice in the hall was saying. "I think the boy must have neglected to leave the paper this evening."

Scottie stirred eagerly, for the voice was kind and musical. At that, the lady addressed as "dear sister" made a sudden exclamation of surprise.

"Sister Susan," she gasped, "there's something alive — here — on the mat."

Her voice also was kind, and even more musical, for it was younger.

Scottie rose and crept close to her.

"It 's a dog," she faltered.

"Let him in," came the quick command.

"But such a dog!" suddenly exclaimed the younger sister in dismay.

Scottie stood hesitating in the vestibule. Painfully conscious of his disreputable condition, he refused to intrude farther. So, with the bright light from the hall shining upon them, they all stood gazing at each other, a bewildered little group. Almost more to be pitied than Scottie were these gentle ladies, so utterly helpless did they appear.

"Sister Susan," Miss Mary observed gravely, "we can't turn him away, for he is a fellow creature in distress; but I fear we have a white elephant on our hands."

"If only he were white," murmured Miss Susan, from sheer nervousness indulging in levity.

They both stared blankly at the bedraggled object which stood before them in a rapidly widening pool of muddy water.

If his own dear lady had seen Scottie now,

it is doubtful whether she would have known him, unless by the brown eyes which peered from among the ruins.

In spite of the unusual circumstances, Miss Susan's native executive ability soon came to the fore.

"Sister," she commanded, "fetch the oil-cloth from the kitchen table and the rubber mat from the doorway."

"What are you going to do?" gasped Miss Mary.

"Take him upstairs and give him a bath — in our tub," she added reluctantly.

"Don't you think," ventured the younger sister timidly, "we might perhaps suggest to Jane — "

"Certainly not," replied Miss Susan sternly. "We could not request so unpleasant a task of her."

By an intricate method of spreading the oil-cloth and the rubber mat alternately for Scottie to step upon, he presently was conducted up-stairs.

"Not a single spot on the carpet, dear sister,

thanks to your clever invention," said Miss Mary, as she fluttered on ahead for the last time with the rubber mat.

Water was splashing vigorously into the bath-tub, and the little ladies, clothed in long aprons with sleeves rolled up, tried to assume a professional air.

"I don't believe he would object so much if we only could make him think we knew how," Miss Susan explained.

"Will you please let us put you in?" she politely requested Scottie.

Understanding that the situation was quite as trying for the ladies as for himself, he unresistingly accepted their trembling assistance.

"It's quite different from washing china or glass, isn't it?" observed Miss Mary, as she timidly applied the soap.

"You do it beautifully," her sister assured her, hovering near by with the towels, "and I think it really is beginning to make an impression."

"Why! Sister Susan," Miss Mary exclaimed, a few moments later, when, after the fourth

rinsing, Scottie stood before them dripping but clean, "he's yellow."

"I wonder what kind of a dog he is," Miss Susan remarked when, this duty discharged, they all, including the little maid, were assembled in the kitchen. "That probably ought to influence us in regard to his food. Now I have an idea there are some dogs to which one should n't give meat — or is it bread and milk?" she ended helplessly. "Sister Mary, run into the schoolroom and fetch that book on 'Our Domestic Animals.' See what it says under 'Dog.'"

"In the mean time, I think the poor animal's starvin', ma'am," observed the little maid tartly; and she poured out a much too generous libation of milk, which Scottie gulped down ravenously.

Miss Mary returned with glowing cheeks, open book in hand.

"Listen to this, dear sister," she exclaimed. "The first description I happened upon. 'Saint Bernard, — a large yellow and white dog.' He *is* large; would n't you say so, sister?"

"Yes," agreed Miss Susan, making a quick mental comparison between Scottie and a pug.

"— having a thick, curly coat," the reader continued with animation.

The ladies looked at Scottie, whose fluffy hair had sprung into faint ripple since his bath; then they turned to each other triumphantly. There could be no mistaking the breed.

"But does it say what they eat?" Miss Susan inquired.

Miss Mary scanned the paragraph. "'Very fond of human beings, and'— no, that can't be it. But surely," she added brightly, "chicken would be perfectly safe."

Accordingly, Scottie was presented with a drumstick, something he had never tasted before. He devoured it enthusiastically, with the result that splintering bones were soon sticking in his throat and choking him.

The observant Jane saw the difficulty and rushed to the rescue, but the sisters were positive that Scottie had taken cold and insisted upon dosing him with ginger tea.

It was late in the evening when they left

him in peace by the kitchen stove. Even after that, when the house was still, the friendly maid crept back to make sure that he was warm, and to pour out another supply of milk, which fortunately he was too wise or too tired to drink. He was not too tired, however, to raise his head and kiss the rough hand which smoothed out his blanket, and to whine a soft acknowledgment of the tender ministration.

# XX

## "THE WELL-MEANING BUT IGNORANT"

THE Misses Benton each year sent out announcements to a few carefully chosen families, that they were about to reopen, at 51 Elm Street, their school for a limited number of pupils between the ages of six and eight, "That difficult period" (to quote the circular exactly) "when the child has outgrown kindergarten, but is too young to cope with the confusing element of the larger schools."

As the Misses Benton's school was confined entirely to children of former scholars, there was small danger that more than a "limited number" would apply. These parents, who sometimes trembled at George's mathematical method or Nancy's version of historical fact, comforted themselves with the reflection that "after all, the child forgets a greater part of what he learns in school, and that it is the character of the teacher which is of real im-

portance." For their own part the influence these gentle women had shed over their lives was a priceless blessing to be exchanged for no amount of book learning.

In the childhood of this former generation, Miss Susan was in the prime of life, and Miss Mary, a fair, sad-eyed girl, shrouded in the delightful mystery of an unhappy love-affair. As time went on, Miss Susan found her grasp upon mathematics and the languages, never of the strongest, gradually relaxing. So, "on account of increasing demands made upon her time and strength, she was forced, with regret, to abandon her more advanced classes, and to devote herself exclusively to the training of younger children."

Long ago, Miss Susan's fingers had stiffened to such a degree that she had given over the piano teaching to her younger sister.

So at the present time, Miss Susan presided and directed, and Miss Mary did the active work. But the harmless deception soothed Miss Susan's vanity, and was smiled at and forgiven by the parents.

As for the children, they respected Miss Susan and loved Miss Mary, so the result was just.

On the morning following Scottie's appearance at number 51 Elm Street, the rosy children who trooped in at the White Door found the dear ladies in an unusual flutter.

Miss Susan had just confided to Miss Mary that never in all her thirty-five years of teaching had anything so upsetting happened as the strange arrival of this dog. Did Sister Mary think it would be safe to allow the dog liberty among the children, or would it be wiser to confine him in the back room? Miss Mary thought the dog seemed gentle, and that it would be quite safe to leave him with the children; whereupon Miss Susan decided to assert her authority and shut him up.

As recess time approached, however, she stood by her desk and told the children that she had a treat in store for them.

"What do you suppose is in that room?" she asked mysteriously. "Now you can each make one suggestion."

Miss Susan never used the word "guess." It savored too strongly of chance and gambling.

"I fink it's a man," promptly shouted one small boy.

"Oh, no!" answered Miss Susan, fairly jumping at the mere thought.

"Yes, Edith dear," in response to a waving hand.

"A baby," piped a small eager voice from the front row.

"No, indeed," Miss Susan replied, even more startled than before. "What would Miss Mary and I be doing with a baby?"

The range of guesses was wide but unsuccessful. When it came to "a fuzzy yellow caterpillar like what crawls down your neck," Miss Susan felt so creepy that she decided to abandon this method at once. So Miss Mary opened the door, and Scottie was admitted.

He came in languidly, with head and tail drooping, not from fear, but from general discouragement. Even occasional visits that morning from the little maid had brought him no

lasting comfort. Among the children, however, it was different. There was something about them which he never could resist. So he now submitted to caresses from the brave, and tried by gentle approaches to win the confidence of the timid.

The sisters, meantime, hovered over him anxiously with evident suspicion of his good intentions which sorely hurt his feelings.

"He seems gentle," Miss Susan murmured anxiously as one small girl threw herself without reservation upon Scottie's neck, "and we know he's clean; still I would be a little careful, dear."

"How do you know he's clean?" asked the child with that unfortunate faculty for selecting the undesirable detail.

Miss Susan flushed at thought of a possible revelation of last night's performance.

"Oh, you wouldn't understand, dear," she answered hurriedly; then glanced at Miss Mary, guiltily aware of a monstrous falsehood. Undeniably, a bath was an event especially understood by the young.

In spite of disillusioning experiences, Scottie's natural attitude was still one of trust, particularly toward children; so he was quite unprepared for any malicious action on their part.

The Misses Benton were comfortably eating their luncheon at one end of the room, and two of the older boys were in charge of Scottie. For a while they induced him to sit upon his hind legs and beg, and to jump for bits of cake which they held high above his head. But Scottie, too tired and too sad to perform these old-time tricks with much spirit, lay down and pretended not to notice the children. When they urged him, he rolled over on his back and lifted his paws in the air appealingly.

Then one of the boys conceived a sudden inspiration. Fumbling in his pocket, he produced from among a varied collection of articles, an elastic band.

"This is lots of fun," he told his companion. "You slide it on his foot, and the hair covers it over, and pretty soon you can't even find where you put it."

Accordingly, the band was slipped upon Scottie's unresisting paw and deftly concealed in the soft hair. Some of the other children might have interfered with this proceeding, which did not seem so amusing to them as to the two boys, but at that moment the bell calling the school to order was rung, and the episode was forgotten.

That afternoon an unfortunate thing occurred. The boy came to take his music lesson of Miss Mary. Finding Scottie lying passively on the rug, he bore down upon him, making up faces and wiggling his fingers in a taunting fashion. Perhaps he meant, when he had teased sufficiently, to take off the rubber strap. Such hidden intentions, however, Scottie had no power to divine. His paw smarted, and his feelings were very sore. Motionless, with head laid flat, he watched his advancing enemy.

When the boy stood directly before him making aggravating noises and gestures, Scottie felt that prompt action was required. Before, he had been caught unawares; now, he must anticipate the evil design.

Accordingly, when the boy stooped threateningly over him, Scottie made a swift spring and caught him by the ankle. His teeth gripped the heavy boot and tore a hole in the stocking, but there they stopped. The boy, quite unhurt, howled with rage and fright.

At that moment Miss Mary hurriedly entered the room. Scottie, seeing her distress, quietly relaxed his hold and walked away to a far corner.

For an instant the woman and the boy stared at each other in silence; then the latter in a voice choked with anger blurted out, "He bit me! That nasty, hateful dog bit me."

Miss Mary was a just woman, and years of school-teaching had taught her the necessity of studying cause and effect.

"My dear," she suggested gently, "are you sure you did n't tease him first?"

"I did n't do anything," the boy stormed, now suddenly afraid of being found out. "I just walked quietly up to speak to him, and he flew at me."

Miss Mary looked at him thoughtfully, then

she walked across to the disconsolate figure in the corner. Scottie was too ashamed to plead his cause, even in the dumb fashion vouchsafed to him. He felt that in the eyes of his benefactors he had transgressed and was no longer worthy of their approval. With drooping head he turned away.

Miss Mary, although kind, was unimaginative; therefore she found nothing to outweigh the boy's glib testimony.

"I'm sorry," she said in a voice that cut Scottie like a lash. "I must lock you up where you can't hurt any more little children, till we decide what is to be done with you."

She led him to the back room, and the boy performed a war dance backward between them to give vent to his triumphant feelings. The dog, however, did not give him the satisfaction of appearing to notice.

What hurt Scottie the most was that Miss Susan and the little maid, upon hearing of the affair, shrank away from him.

"Oh! don't touch him, dear sister," Miss Susan gasped. "A dog that has once snapped,

you know, is never safe. I think his eyes look vicious, don't you?"

Scottie gazed wearily up into her face, and finding there only fear and distrust, slunk into the back room without further bidding.

During his imprisonment he heard a murmur of sad voices. Toward evening, Jane brought his supper. She opened the door warily and set the dish just inside; then, after peering at him a moment, she came boldly in.

"I don't believe them," she said. "You're not an ugly dog."

She walked quickly across to the corner where Scottie lay motionless.

"Eat some supper," she urged, kneeling down beside him. "You'll feel better."

As Scottie refused to stir, she brought the dish to him, and tried to feed him, bit by bit. He looked gratefully into her face, but would touch nothing.

"Oh! they're breakin' your heart by their distrust of you — that's what they're doin'," the girl cried. "And we've got to give you up — and I love you so!"

She threw her arms around Scottie's neck, but he would not respond to her caresses. He had brought only trouble and unhappiness to them all, he thought. He did n't quite understand it all, but he felt that he was a burden, and that was enough.

Later in the evening he peered into the kitchen, for Jane had left his door ajar. He saw that the room was empty, and that the outer door stood open. With sudden determination he rose, and glided across the warm hearth, out into the cold and darkness.

The little maid, returning a moment later to a deserted room, broke down in a flood of tears.

# XXI

## LIFE ON THE STREETS

It was a cheerless evening in March that Scottie met Jack. A heavy mist hung over the city, through which the buildings loomed black and dismal. From its enveloping folds there suddenly emerged blurry objects, in the form of man or beast, to confront one face to face.

Scottie was groping his way wearily through the slushy streets. All at once, as he turned the corner of a dark alley, he ran squarely upon a small object moving briskly in the opposite direction. Every sense alert, he drew back quickly to prepare for attack. Receiving no challenge, he moved stealthily forward and encountered a dog's black nose sniffing the air. Scottie sniffed in return, trying to discover what manner of dog he had to deal with. Indeed, it was not a simple question to decide. At first glance the brindle and white markings

suggested the general appearance of a bulldog, but on closer observation the shape of head, body, and legs betrayed intimate connection with the fox terrier family.

Scottie stood waiting, not from snobbish reasons, but because these months of bitter experience had tended to strengthen, rather than to break down, his natural reserve.

The stranger, meantime, drew nearer and wagged his friendly stump of a tail; then, circling around Scottie, he noted his various peculiarities. The matted, dripping hair, the torn ear, the swollen paw all received his careful scrutiny. He then rubbed his nose against Scottie's, and told him that his name was Jack, that he had a snug little hole not far away, with a nice mutton bone buried there, and that both were at his disposal.

Scottie answered him with grateful eyes, but at first refused to stir. At that moment it seemed to him to matter little whether he tasted mutton bone, or died in his tracks. Nevertheless it was sweet to hear friendly speech again from one of his own kind. Gen-

tle and persistent wheedling on Jack's part at length made him yield.

He followed his cheerful guide through circuitous byways until finally they arrived at a tumbled-down shed in a back alley. There, after much scratching in the damp earth, Jack produced a bone which he laid with great importance at the feet of his guest. Scottie stared at it listlessly. Jack concluded that a dog must be far gone indeed if food failed to attract him, and fell to work himself jerking the meat from the bone with his sharp teeth. Some of this he ate, — with an air of just showing how it should be done, — then he stood severely over Scottie till he had watched him swallow the last morsel.

Rummaging around in his dark lair, Jack gathered some bits of rag for their bed. Then he cuddled down, pressing his warm body close against Scottie, and helped lick the swollen paw, trying to get the rubber band off. But it had cut in too deep and the skin had grown over it.

Presently Jack's busy tongue lolled in his

mouth, and he yawned comfortably. Just before dozing off he whispered to Scottie that he need n't worry that they would be molested, for at last he had found a place safely out of harm's way. This was a comfort to Scottie, who had quivered at every sound, thinking that it meant approaching footsteps. At length, after this assurance, he sank into a broken slumber.

In the morning, Jack with conscious pride showed his domicile to his visitor. He had had a strenuous time of it, he told Scottie, eluding the dog catchers. They all knew him, but at last he had found a place where they could n't follow him. It was great fun, Jack said, when you had been out on a hunt for food to let them track you to the turn of the alley, then give them the slip by the tumbled-down wall.

Scottie, peering about him at the forlorn surroundings, wondered what pleasure life under these circumstances could possibly hold.

"Why! it 's the excitement and uncertainty of it that 's fun," Jack told him.

He looked with fine scorn at Scottie.

"You're no sport," he said.

Scottie admitted the fact.

Later in the day, Jack invited Scottie to accompany him on a foraging expedition, saying that he would show him a thing or two on the way. Accordingly they set forth; the small dog, bustling with importance, leading the way, the larger dog lagging listlessly behind.

"You must look sharp," Jack warned his companion brusquely. "We have to be on the lookout for all sorts of things."

Scottie's preoccupied manner evidently caused him some concern. Indeed, the warning was scarcely given when a rumble of wheels on the cross-street made Jack stop so suddenly that he fairly doubled back upon his haunches. With ears cocked, and head erect, he listened for a second intently, then signaling Scottie to follow, he cleared the space between the pavement and a pile of boards in swift rabbit-like bounds.

"The dead-cart," he announced breathlessly, when they were safely concealed.

Scottie, who had beaten a less hasty retreat, stared at him in vague interrogation.

"What?" Jack queried, fairly bristling with surprise. "Do you mean to say you 've been on the street all these months, and don't know what that is? Why! the cart that picks up all the stray dogs and disposes of 'em. I 've been dodging it ever since I could walk."

"What do they do with them?" Scottie questioned, eying his well-informed companion wonderingly.

"Oh! give 'em something to make 'em sleep, most likely," Jack answered carelessly. "Anyhow, they never ride in it but once."

"Something to make them sleep!" It was a blessed suggestion to Scottie. For a moment he felt inclined to go to the cart and seek admission; then he thought of his lady. Hope stirred again in his breast, and he drew back.

Meantime, Jack, who had been running busily back and forth, now announced from his post near the corner that the cart was returning.

Scottie, joining him, saw the cart stop and

the door open. In the glance which he got into its depths he saw dogs of all sizes huddled forlornly together. A sad-eyed St. Bernard and a little shivering fox terrier he noticed especially, and they made him feel very unhappy. But at that instant Jack rolled over and over on the ground in sudden grief.

"They 've got Bill," he moaned. "Did you see him — that big white English bull? Oh! I did n't suppose he 'd ever be caught. We were together ever so long, Bill and I, and I tell you, we had some exciting times. He was the best company, that fellow — the finest all-round sport."

Jack cast a reflective glance at Scottie, apparently making unfavorable comparison. "I never supposed they 'd get *him*," he murmured again.

His depression, however, was short-lived. A moment later, discovering that the coast was clear, he sallied forth, jaunty as ever. Not so Scottie. He followed with drooping tail, and it was some time before he could shake off the effects of the episode.

For several days Scottie stayed with his cheerful friend, and accompanied him around town. In these expeditions he learned more of the city's ways than he had discovered by himself for months.

Jack's knowledge of affairs was wonderful. Added to this, a fine air of bravado helped him to carry everything through with a high hand. He was quite unburdened by conscience, and slept just as serenely after a stolen supper as though it had been gained by lawful means.

One day an exciting thing happened. The dogs were out upon a tour of investigation. Jack, having just successfully robbed a butcher's shop, was feeling particularly prosperous and energetic. They sallied out into the open thoroughfare. Suddenly Jack nudged Scottie excitedly.

"Do you know what 's going on over opposite?" he asked.

Scottie confessed his ignorance.

"They 're getting ready for the big Dog Show," Jack told him. "All kinds of prize

winners are expected, and perhaps we can see some of the swells."

Old memories crowded fast into Scottie's mind. He looked at his companion, half inclined to tell him of his early hopes and disappointment. Then he decided that Jack would not understand.

Through an opening in a protecting fence they watched the dogs arrive: dogs of all kinds and of all sizes, in all sorts of conveyances.

Large wagons drew up, from which alighted St. Bernards pompously, and Great Danes straining at the leash.

Ladies came with carefully protected lap-dogs in their arms. These last provoked much merriment from Jack.

Some dogs, looking frightened and lonely, arrived in crates. Scottie's heart went out to them.

These two outsiders had been watching for some time. Jack had begun to weary a little of the entertainment and was looking around for something new. Suddenly a carriage drew

up, and a man stepped out followed by two dogs — beautiful collies — with graceful bodies and delicately poised heads. They were unleashed, and they moved with an air of quiet dignity as though acknowledging subservience to no one.

Jack ran back and forth and gave several short barks in his excitement.

"Do you know who they are?" he asked; then continued without giving his companion a chance to answer. "They are Bruce McGregor and Rob Roy McGregor II, the champion collies of the country. They 've won ribbons everywhere they 've been shown."

Scottie stood watching, his sides heaving painfully. "They are my brothers," he said.

For a moment there was silence in which Jack eyed Scottie from head to tail; then he fairly howled with amusement.

"Your brothers!" he chuckled. "Well! that *is* a good joke."

"We are all sons of Rob Roy McGregor I," Scottie answered coldly.

"Granting that," Jack airily returned, "you

will at least have the grace to admit that your mother — "

Scottie bristled with indignation. "On the contrary," he answered stiffly.

Jack still continued to double up with merriment. "My father may have been a prize-winning Boston terrier for aught I know," he snickered, "but I don't boast about it."

Scottie paid no further attention to him. Absorbed in watching his brothers, he lived over again past days at the kennels.

Bruce stood immovable with head erect, wearing the masterful air which in early puppyhood had marked him for leader.

Scottie's eager gaze turned from him to Rob Roy, who was equally dignified but less assured in manner. Scottie sought wistfully for a trace of their mother's gentleness, but in vain. As he looked, old memories crowded upon him so fast that in another instant he would have flung himself upon his brothers.

At that moment, however, they entered the building, Bruce leading with conscious initiative. The door closed behind them.

Scottie with sad eyes stared at the vacant spot, then he turned patiently away. Only one more disappointment!

That evening when the dogs were back again in their lair, Jack, evidently regretting that he had so teased Scottie, tried to cheer him. He told him all sorts of tales of exciting adventure, but Scottie, though he listened courteously, would rouse to no pitch of enthusiasm.

Jack finally lost patience.

"What 's the matter with you?" he asked. "Of course you were down on your luck and all that when I found you, but that 's all over now. We 've had three as slick days as any dog could wish for — something to eat every day — I don't know what Bill would have thought of such a run. And yet you 're not satisfied."

"Does this sort of life satisfy you?" Scottie asked wistfully.

"Of course it does! What do you want?" Jack answered in unfeigned astonishment.

Scottie evaded the question.

"Did you ever have a dear master or mistress?" he asked.

"Never," Jack answered promptly. "At first I tried to make friends with people, but they did me no good. Now, I do my best to keep out of their way."

"Then you can't understand." Scottie rubbed his nose gently against Jack's as a sign that they would discuss the subject no further.

When they were cuddled down together for the night, Scottie with soft caresses assured his kind friend of his good feeling toward him. He could not bear that Jack, who had done his best according to his lights, should think him ungrateful.

While Jack slept, sometimes stirring suddenly or barking as he dreamed of his day's adventure, Scottie lay silent by his side and thought of Guen. When he dozed he dreamed of her, and soon in the darkness he rose and once more set forth in search of his lady.

Jack awoke in the morning shivering. He stretched out for something soft to nestle against and found that he was alone.

# XXII

## SHADOWS

If Terence Mulvaney had not just lost his job upon the railway, or in consequence had not imbibed far too freely, it might have fared better with the shivering dog who happened to be in his path. Not that Terence ever would show active kindness to a dumb brute, but it is possible that under more fortunate conditions he might have been merely passive. This evening, however, he was in the mood which must vent itself upon something. Accordingly, when during his uncertain progress down the steps of a basement restaurant he encountered a dog wistfully awaiting a chance to enter, what could be more satisfying than to administer a kick which sent the dog spinning down into the area?

The thought that the animal had been drawn to this place by the same desire for food which had prompted him, suggested no bond of sym-

pathy to Terence. On the contrary, he swaggered contentedly through the doorway, priding himself on the fact that to have performed so deft an act, his legs must be considerably more agile than he had supposed. Elated by this discovery, he ordered a particularly good supper, which he ate with much relish.

Meantime Scottie struggled up the steps. Half blinded by hunger to begin with, the blow which he had received so dazed him that he reeled dizzily across the sidewalk and into the relentless current beyond. He was only dimly conscious of the carts and cars which rumbled past him and of the voices which swore at him, until something struck him violently in the back. He dodged, and fell headlong in the path of an approaching trolley car. He tried to move, but the lights danced bewilderingly before his eyes, and he did n't know which way to turn. So he lay motionless, and in the midst of all the confusion a vague sensation that rest was coming at last, crept over him.

The next instant he was roused from this happy illusion, for a heavy hand gripped him

by the back (there was plenty of loose skin to lay hold of) and flung him bodily to the sidewalk. Some words about keeping his blamed eyes open reached his ears, but they floated to him faintly as from a distance.

To protect himself in all sorts of emergencies was now becoming second nature to Scottie, so instinctively he dragged himself across the crowded pavement and sought refuge against a tall building. It was no easy task, for his legs felt queer and heavy and refused to connect with the rest of his body, and he was jostled and trampled upon before he reached safety.

Scottie's powers of discrimination were not good that evening, so that the passers-by made no distinct impression upon him. He was dimly aware that most persons hardly heeded him, and that those who did linger hurried on the faster after one furtive glance. Had he known that these last were haunted for days by the eyes which had looked into theirs, he doubtless would have felt pity for such soft-hearted creatures.

When, at last, a young couple paused before him, Scottie roused himself to show them gentle courtesy. His brain was taxed only for a moment, for they, like the others, soon passed on. The trouble was that the lady could n't bear to see anything suffer, and she told her husband with some vehemence that she thought it most inconsiderate of him to submit her to such a trying ordeal. Evidently there was no hope for the poor animal, and it would be much better to let him die in peace, she averred.

The man, however, must have been impelled by a strict sense of duty, for after following his wife a few steps, he hesitated, then turned sharply and came back.

After leaning over Scottie and making a careful examination, he pronounced that he saw nothing serious the matter with the dog. He was half starved, and had been run over in several places, but apparently no bones were broken.

The lady stood with averted head, shuddering at this plain speech. Perhaps her husband, who evidently had no desire to convey a be-

draggled dog through the streets, soon would have heeded her remonstrance. Suddenly, however, the way of charity was made easy. Their carriage drew up briskly by the curb, and without more ado Scottie was bundled in and whirled away.

The whole episode was indistinct in Scottie's clouded brain. He had a confused impression of a long drive in which they gradually left the city behind them, and of stopping at last before a large country house. There a flash of hope suddenly came to him, and he sniffed the air excitedly. But a moment later he sank back into his apathy, for the surroundings were new and strange.

He was led to the fire and given a comfortable corner in which to sleep, but he felt no interest in the fact that he was being warmed and fed. These people were phantoms seen through a mist. No words, gentle and persuasive, came from their lips to draw him back to reality. They spoke a cold, unintelligible language which left him groping blindly in his own inner consciousness.

At last, in his fireside corner, Sleep stole softly to him, and in her arms he found rest.

It was some days before any degree of vigor came back to Scottie. Gradually, however, the benumbed sensation as of carrying about some heavy weight, left him, and his legs once more recognized their responsibility. Then the veil dropped from his brain, and he was able, once more, to feel and to think.

The first fact he realized was that he was fresh and clean again, that some one had washed him and dressed his wounds, and that skillful fingers had removed the torturing band from his paw. But when he sought eagerly the person who had performed these kind acts, he could find no one who showed toward him any vital interest.

The mistress of the manor was in a constant flutter between one amusement and the next.

The master was a busy, preoccupied man with a rigid sense of right and wrong, but with small knowledge of the enjoyment which may lie even along the path of duty. When he had

given a home to a starving dog, and had instructed his servants to feed and to care for him, he supposed that there was nothing more to be done. It did not occur to him that the dog might be yearning for a kind word, or even for a chance to show his gratitude.

Upon this Scottie, in his own doggish way, vaguely pondered. In the evenings as he lay by the fire which warmed his body but which gave him no real sense of comfort, he would peer at his master, who with puckered brow sat busily writing — always alone.

Sometimes Scottie rose slowly and went to him, whining softly in the old way; but the man only looked at him in surprise, then rang the bell and asked if the dog had been fed.

Scottie, weary of repeated misunderstandings, finally gave up trying to show his feelings.

Sometimes, late at night, the mistress of the manor came in, stood by the fire a moment to warm a daintily shod foot, then slipped away with scarcely a word to dog or master.

A loveless life it was — even as Jack's had been — and equally incomprehensible to Scottie.

It was out of doors that old thoughts crowded more forcibly upon him, when he roamed over the big place which brought constant reminder of the homestead.

One day he sauntered aimlessly along the garden paths where the sunlight lay in warm patches. Gradually it enveloped him, forced its way deep down into his breast, until the dormant life within him stirred and awoke to new activity. Cautiously at first, as though scarcely trusting this wonderful sense of returning strength, he crept out upon the wide-spreading lawn. Under his eager feet the turf stretched soft and springy. He quickened his pace, and with nose to the ground pressed on and up the slope.

By the clump of waving birches which crowned the top, he paused to listen. Sounds, delicate, subtle, reached his ear, — the running of sap in the trees, the voice of the wind singing to the young leaves, the throb of awakening life in the earth, — sounds scarcely separable, which, when blended in harmony, suggest to the listening ear the return of spring.

Gently they drifted into Scottie's consciousness and revived half-forgotten memories. Standing with feet apart and tail outstretched, he flung back his head and howled, long dismal howls vibrant with loneliness. All the unuttered misery of the past months seemed to find expression in that desolate cry. And once given, a sense of relief came.

While he stood with head in air, by degrees, with each deep breath, he drew in hope and courage.

This was the sort of life to which Guen belonged. Surely he was now on the way to her. Again he pressed his nose to the ground, and in the hollows, in the woods, in all places which suggested their old haunts, he patiently sought his lady. At last he knew that the quest was in vain, and that he must seek farther.

Next day when the mistress of the manor drove to town, Scottie trotted decorously behind her carriage, but in the crowded streets he succeeded in slipping from her. Then, welcoming his freedom, he sped swiftly away.

Luxury, all that the body could desire, was nothing to Scottie without love. This the persons whose hospitality he had accepted for a fortnight were too dull to know; and so they thought him an ungrateful brute.

# XXIII

## WHERE DOCTORS DISAGREE

Faith and courage so filled Scottie's heart that there was no room for resentment. In fact, he almost had forgotten that the world could be cruel, and for the second time he faced it with confidence.

It was not many days, however, before he had to acknowledge himself baffled. Never could he become a dog of the world, he concluded. He could n't remember the rules which it involved. No doubt Jack's opinion concerning his ignorance of affairs was perfectly just. He seemed to have no knack, as Jack had, for keeping out of trouble. Three times during the few days since his return, he had been almost cornered by the police, and he had had two narrow escapes from the "dead-cart." On these occasions it was mere fleetness of foot which had saved him. He had no talent for scheming. In fact, he had no talent for much

of anything but loving, and that, under present conditions, availed nothing.

When he was too hungry and discouraged to continue his search, Scottie decided one evening to hunt up Jack. There, at least, he was sure of a warm welcome. But Jack was out. This was not surprising. When, however, he had waited through the next day and even into the evening, without success, he decided that something must be wrong.

Scottie had tender feelings in his heart for his volatile friend, and was determined to find him. Obeying his natural impulse, he made no attempt at concealment when leaving the lair, but went openly down the middle of the alley. Thereby he showed a misplaced trust in human nature, for evil spirits were abroad.

In the dark shadows by the street corner lurked two figures, and as Scottie emerged boldly into the light, they fell upon him. One dealt him a swift blow, and the other held him when he tried to get up. Thus they accomplished their purpose with a dispatch and precision which argued long experience.

Scottie was too weak and giddy to resist. He looked them over to see what manner of creatures he had to deal with, and discovered that they were boys — a species which, during his wanderings, he had found small reason to love.

He studied the faces of this pair, heard their voices, and knew that he could expect nothing good from them.

He vaguely wondered what new experience they would find for him, and his lagging curiosity was further awakened when, after a long, silent march, they stopped at the basement door of a tall building. There, with some secrecy, they were admitted by a man. They all talked together for a few moments, then something passed from the man's hand to the boys, and the latter went away.

Scottie watched the transaction wonderingly. He realized that he was given over to this new man, but for what purpose he could not imagine.

What puzzled him especially was that in the large bare room, apparently a cellar, into which he was conducted, he found several other dogs.

At first he thought it must be a Bench Show, and that this was the receiving room. But upon closer inspection he changed his mind. Some were ordinary curs, some were finely bred dogs, but all looked miserably unhappy.

This new man, one could see at a glance, was the indifferent kind to whom it was useless to make a personal appeal. He led Scottie to a corner, fastened him, and gave him food, all with a professional air which implied that he was merely conducting his business. Soon he went away.

Scottie ate a little, then lay down and wearily tried to puzzle out the situation. But he was too tired to think, and it really did n't seem worth while. He did n't even concern himself about the other dogs, which were comparatively silent and settled for the night.

Presently he was startled by a soft whine. He rose, and peering through the half-darkness, saw that a yellow and white spaniel was making advances towards him. She belonged in the opposite corner, but by straining to the end of her leash she had drawn quite near him.

Scottie went forward as far as his chain would permit, and they were able just to touch noses. Scottie noticed that the spaniel's sensitive black nose was hot and feverish, and that she was in great agitation. His caress seemed to soothe her.

"It 's selfish of me to be glad you 've come," she said, "but I can't help it. It 's been so terribly lonely."

"Have you been here long?" Scottie asked, not knowing what else to say.

"Several days, and the others who came then have all gone. Oh! I hope you won't go before I do. I don't think I could bear it."

"Gone?" Scottie repeated vaguely. "You mean then that they let us go?"

The little spaniel peered up at him with pitying eyes.

"Oh!" she said tremulously, "you don't understand. You don't know why we 're here."

She tried to explain, but shuddered and stopped.

"Never mind," Scottie said. "It does n't seem as if anything would matter much now."

"I did n't know anything about it either, till the dogs here told me," the spaniel went on. "They had knocked about a good deal and knew things. I had always been so protected that I never dreamed — " She broke off again.

"You have n't been lost long, have you?" Scottie said, looking at her pretty white coat, still glossy and well kept.

"Only since day before yesterday, though it seems a lifetime. My mistress let me out just for a run. Some one whistled. I ran a few steps to see what was wanted of me. Then I was caught up, stuffed into a bag, and brought here — and my beautiful mistress, who would scarcely let me out of her arms — I don't dare think what will become of her!"

"Oh!" Scottie said with a thrill of sympathy. "You had a dear lady too."

They looked with quiet understanding into each other's eyes. All night they talked together, dwelling on incidents which to some might have seemed trivial, but which meant everything to them because they had known love.

Sometimes the other dogs rose from their beds and tried to join in the conversation, but it appeared that they were less fortunate creatures, knowing nothing about the sort of life which Scottie and the spaniel had led. Their stories were of such a worldly nature that Scottie often interposed, and the spaniel, in her turn, changed the subject whenever they tried to enlighten Scottie with regard to present conditions.

At such times Scottie, his heart full of gratitude toward her, longed to draw nearer and let her nestle against him for warmth and comfort; she was so frail, and in such need of protection. But all they could do was to lie as close together as possible and occasionally to rub noses.

Throughout the next morning they tried to console each other, but in the afternoon the man came to take Scottie away. When for a few moments he was unchained Scottie pressed close to his friend, and tried in every possible way to cheer her.

She answered him wearily that she thought his going would be the last straw.

"If they 'll just leave me here a little longer," she added, "I think I shall die without any help from them."

Scottie looked at her wasted body and could say nothing.

"Perhaps," he suggested a moment later, "I shall come back soon, and we shall be together again."

The spaniel shivered and turned from him. She could not tell him that of the dogs who had gone away, not one ever had come back.

Then the man, in his cool impersonal way, bade Scottie follow him, and Scottie, because it was his habit to do unhesitatingly whatever was expected of him, went without protest.

No new situation could now surprise Scottie. Accordingly, the room which he entered, where a number of men were talking together, made slight impression upon him. This was only one more phase of the nightmare through which he was passing. He followed his captor to a corner and sank down, there to remain until something further was required of him.

The men had just witnessed an experiment. Some of them looked pale and disturbed, as though it had not been to their liking; others appeared quite at ease.

Their host, who stood by a table before them, evidently was thoroughly satisfied. Keen-eyed and thin-lipped, he looked like one who would reduce all life to a formula, and permit no mystery to pass unprobed.

"Gentlemen," he was saying, as Scottie was led into the room, "you see that the experiment has been entirely satisfactory. I have demonstrated with perfect success my theory about the optic nerve. Dr. Brice, the present animal appears to be of no further use, so we will now take the other dog."

A moment later, Scottie, in his corner, awoke to sudden activity. The young assistant, stooping over the table, was releasing something small which moaned when the man's hand touched it.

This was what startled Scottie. Rising, he came quickly across the room. He stood on his hind legs, rested his fore paws and head

on the table, and whined softly. Suddenly the little object wriggled from under the man's hand, and tried to make its way to the edge of the table. Then Scottie gave a deep, terrible cry and stretched toward it, for instinct had not deceived him. This blind thing was Jack — gay, careless Jack, who seemed to have been created for happiness.

Scottie saw that he could n't do much, but he pressed his cheek against the disfigured face and tried to lick away the blood which flowed from the sightless eyes.

A slight stir arose among the men. The scene was an unusual one, and awoke the curiosity of some, the sympathy of others. For a moment there was a pause in the proceedings, then the professor turned impatiently to his assistant and reminded him that they were losing time.

"Gentlemen, we cannot let an occurrence like this interrupt us," he was saying. "There 's that other theory, you know, that I am going to prove to you."

At that moment the door opened, and a

man strode swiftly across the room. Scottie raised his head eagerly. Something in the newcomer's step and bearing set his heart thumping. A second glance told him that he was mistaken, but his disappointment was less keen than at other times, for though the man was not the Doctor, he was unmistakably of the same type.

Scottie watched his every movement closely, and knew him to be one in authority, and one whose authority was good. When he felt the touch of the man's hand upon his head, firm but gentle, a thrill which no mere gratitude could prompt ran through his body.

For a moment there was an ominous pause, then the professor turned suavely to the newcomer.

"I regret, Dr. Beverly, that you should have been too late to assist me in this most interesting experiment," he said.

The young doctor hesitated an instant as though with difficulty collecting his forces, then he answered in a low, distinct voice, —

"You can't regret it more than I do, Pro-

fessor Long, for you know well that I would have refused to assist you without the use of anæsthetics."

Scottie, with eyes never wavering from the speaker, saw him produce a bottle from his pocket and pour some of its contents upon a cloth, which he spread over Jack's face. In gratitude Scottie licked the hand which had done this, as he saw the tense muscles relax, and unconsciousness gradually steal over the exhausted body. He pressed his nose against it for an instant, and finding it quite still, sighed thankfully, for he knew instinctively that at last Jack had found rest.

"Dr. Beverly," the professor said curtly, "you need not have taken this office upon yourself. Our own intention was to chloroform the animal presently."

"'Presently' seemed scarcely soon enough to me," the doctor dryly answered.

During this dialogue, silence had reigned among the other men. Now they broke into groups, discussing the subject. This was not the first time that the wills of these two scien-

tists had clashed, and now each man present, according to his nature, took sides in the disagreement.

Dr. Beverly stepped forward.

"Professor Long," he said, "I ask your pardon for encroaching upon your time, but I must request three minutes — I don't think it will take me longer — to speak to our friends."

The professor bowed his head in unwilling assent.

Scottie crept close to the speaker and sat peering up into his face.

"Gentlemen," Dr. Beverly began, "forget for a few moments that you are men of science, and remember that above all you are human. Think me a sentimentalist if you must, but I'm merely sustaining the position which I've always taken."

He fixed his eyes upon his listeners intently, as though he would force upon them the impression which was filling his own mind; then he went on quickly.

"I have been spending Sunday with an old friend, now a doctor, at his fiancée's home — a

fine old country place. It was because my train was late," he broke off in explanation to the professor, "that I was not on time here."

Then he again addressed the men, who were giving him their undivided attention.

"My friend," the speaker continued, "had told me of nothing unusual concerning the family I was to visit, so I was much surprised when I at once noticed an atmosphere of gloom which hung over the household. My friend, the doctor, tried to appear gay and light-hearted as is his nature. His fiancée's family also forced a cheerful manner, but the young girl herself — as beautiful and charming as any I have ever known — was struggling under a burden which she was totally unable to throw off. Observing closely, I saw that evidently the family were doing all in their power to distract her mind from some unhappiness. Apparently they had hoped that my coming would be a diversion. She did her best to respond to anything I suggested, but she seemed to have no interests of her own.

"Finally I asked my friend what the trouble

was, and he told me the story. Six months ago she lost a beautiful dog — a collie; evidently it was stolen. Ever since then she has been almost wild with grief; not merely because of her own loss, but because of her fears that the animal might have fallen into bad hands. She is haunted, my friend told me, by the thought of this possible fate for him."

Dr. Beverly swept an indicating hand toward the table.

"Her fiancé has sought everywhere vainly for the dog, but they 've found no trace, and I don't suppose they will. Meantime, they fear that the girl will lose her mind. They try to distract her, propose to take her away, abroad, — anywhere, — but she says she must be on hand in case Scottie comes back, and she cannot give up hope."

The dog, who had sat in silence at the speaker's feet, suddenly rose and pricked up his ears. Dr. Beverly patted him gently.

"Gentlemen," he continued, after a moment's pause, "when I came here this afternoon and found one animal which you had

hopelessly maimed and another which you were about to sacrifice, it occurred to me that if you had had my experience you might admit that there *are* two sides to this subject. It is an open question whether you have proved anything new or conferred an everlasting benefit upon mankind by this experiment, while on the other hand, you are destroying creatures who are the dear companions, the faithful friends, of men. For myself I can only say that when I talked to that young girl — a girl whom any of you would be proud to know and to serve — I was thankful that I had nothing on this score with which to reproach myself. If I had, I should be haunted through life by the look in her eyes."

As Dr. Beverly ceased speaking and stepped back from the table, Scottie followed him closely. He did n't know just what had been said, but the man had spoken his name, and that was enough. Scottie noticed that the hand which stroked his head trembled, and that the voice which answered the men who crowded up to speak to him was quite unsteady.

A short discussion followed. One man said "Bosh! Why should Beverly tell this sentimental story here? He always has been a fool on this subject."

Somebody else, disagreeing with him, said that he had never approved of the experiment anyway, but felt that he had no right to interfere with Professor Long.

Dr. Brice said little, but evidently regarded Beverly with open admiration.

As for Beverly himself, he at first had felt toward Scottie only the interest which he would feel for any animal in distress, but, as he talked to the little group around him, he looked intently at the dog until a growing wonder dawned in his face.

Some decided conviction must have come to him, for presently he excused himself from the company to send a telegram to Guendolyn Graham, The Homestead, ———, and after a short discussion with Professor Long he went away, taking Scottie with him.

# XXIV

## TWO SIDES OF THE CITY

The dog lay blinking upon the hearth-rug. Apparently giving his undivided attention to the fire, he in reality was watching the man out of the corner of his eye.

Beverly, having donned smoking jacket and slippers, was moving about the room, deep in important preparations.

"I think we'll dine at home to-night," he had remarked when they first came in.

By way of further explanation he had laid a recently purchased package upon the table, thereby causing Scottie to sniff and to thump his tail approvingly.

Now there was small chance for exchange of courtesies. The business of the moment was all-absorbing. Beverly tramped from the fireside to the corner cupboard and back, over and over again. When he stood by the table before the hearth, Scottie could watch him

comfortably. When he moved to the back of the room, Scottie, with a fine assumption of carelessness, shifted his position so that he might still keep watch.

Beverly was whistling cheerily one oft-repeated tune, the time varying to suit the action of the moment. Occasionally he lapsed into song. "My love is like a red, red rose," he proclaimed gayly. Then with a self-conscious glance at Scottie he suddenly broke off. But the dog's expression was non-committal, so he began again with renewed ardor.

Meantime, Scottie, with head on paws, was meditating. This man, who moved with the careless grace of an animal, possessed that nameless something which raised him, with a few other human beings whom Scottie had known, above the animal's level. It was a magnetic quality which had power to stir not only a dog's love, but his deepest admiration. The feeling that he was a sharer in this man's lot, with the sense of kinship which it conveyed, rushed upon Scottie with a power almost suffocating.

Presently Beverly drew the table nearer to the fire; then he untied the mysterious paper parcel, and, eying Scottie the while, produced four chops, which he proceeded to broil over the coals.

Scottie yawned appreciatively, and watched Beverly's every motion as he knelt close beside him upon the rug ; but he offered to take no part in the proceedings.

Supper was divided between the two with nice exactitude. Occasionally, if Scottie thought a morsel was finding its way to the man's mouth which should have reached his own, he drew attention to the fact, not by vulgar nudging or pushing, but by silently rising upon his hind legs. Then Beverly, smiling appreciatively, tossed him a particularly choice bit.

When Scottie signified that he had eaten enough by stretching out complacently upon the rug, Beverly pushed the dishes aside, and then, lighting his pipe, sank, with the easy abandon of the dog, into his armchair before the fire.

In the long sympathetic silence which fol-

lowed, punctuated only by the placid puffing of the man's pipe, the dog's breathing, and the soft seething of the fire, a sense of warmth and comfort stole into Scottie's hungered heart. He was too tired to think or to remember. He only felt the supreme sense of peace.

The man, who had been gazing musingly into the fire, presently stretched his full length and rose to his feet. Scottie jumped up in quick response, but lay down cheerfully again when his friend returned, brandishing a brush and comb. Kneeling on the rug beside Scottie, Beverly with strong, gentle hands combed out the matted hair until it slipped in separate threads through his fingers.

Scottie lay in happy submission. In his breast the sensation awoke shadowy, blissful memories. For the first time in all these months of weary wandering he was in an atmosphere akin to that which had surrounded him at the homestead. Here was a godlike being whose every motion was a joy to watch, whose very touch inspired confidence and love.

When Beverly pushed up his chair to the

SUPPER WAS DIVIDED BETWEEN THE TWO
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lamplight and began to read, Scottie rested his head on the knee which seemed made for that especial purpose, and reveled under the touch of the virile fingers.

When Beverly put his book aside and stretched out by the hearth once more, smoking comfortably and staring into the fire, Scottie flung himself at his feet and dozed peacefully.

So the evening wore away. Finally Beverly rose with a mighty yawn, covered the fire, and put out the lights.

"Here's your place for the night," he told Scottie, patting him as he lay on the hearth-rug.

Beverly went into the bedroom beyond and left the door open. Scottie watched until he was sure of this fact, then lay back once more and slept.

The man was healthily tired. Those three days spent at the homestead had been absorbing, exciting ones, more so than the learned physicians to whom he had spoken of his visit had divined. Indeed, the dumb brute who had stretched at his feet understood his mood bet-

ter than did these masters of science; for the sentiment which speech may conceal is transmitted unerringly by the touch.

There had been the long railway journey, closely followed by the probable discovery, under disturbing circumstances, of his friends' dog. All these points were reviewed and debated; then thoughts more subtle passed for consideration; and in the midst of these poignant reflections, Beverly fell asleep.

The dog, however, was more restless. When the first faint streaks of dawn glimmered through the window, he was up and prowling about. He pattered into the bedroom, stationed himself by the silent figure, and touched with his nose the inert hand which lay upon the coverlid.

No sound or movement came. Scottie whined softly; then a great fear gripped him. Perhaps this still figure never would stir again. Perhaps the people of yesterday would come back, and the horrors of yesterday, and of all the other days, would go on — and on.

Possibly the man's mere presence, silent

though it was, would have held Scottie. Possibly in another instant the dog would have raised his head in a howl destined to break even Beverly's sound slumber. But at that moment something happened.

A step sounded upon the stair. A key rattled in the lock of the sitting-room door. It was only the coming of the boy to clean the boots and make the fire; but to Scottie it meant release.

As the boy came in he sprang out and down the dark staircase. The basement door was open, and, once more, Scottie went forth into the unknown.

In the dawn of this same May morning, while Beverly slept and Scottie wandered, a boy and girl were breakfasting in a meagre room at the other end of the city.

To them, there was nothing unusual in being up and dressed at five o'clock. If you are a newspaper boy, you must expect this, and if you are the sister of a newspaper boy, and his only living relative, you wish to make sure

that he has his cup of hot coffee before starting out. Left to his own devices, he may content himself with a crust of bread, or not take time to make the water really boil. So little Kitty Lane would tell an interested inquirer, with a wise shake of the head. That had happened when she was too ill to prepare Joe's breakfast. But now she cooked it every morning, and made sure that he ate it, too.

Kitty could pull herself about quite nicely in a chair, with wheels, which Joe had made for her. He had found all the materials in the dump, so there was no expense involved. It was Kitty's only mode of locomotion, as she could not walk a step.

Joseph Lane, the father, had been a good man, so his wife used to say, till the drink got hold of him, and even then better than some. But he had his wild spells, and it was in one of these that he struck Kitty with the leg of a chair, and ever since then her spine had been weak.

They were living in the country then. The father was gardener on a big place, but he lost

the position after a time, then gradually drank himself to death.

Joe and Kitty remembered well how it felt when they had to leave the country with all its green freedom, and move into the close, dingy city. Mother thought she could do better for them there, and also there was the hospital where Kitty might be cured. But it was a hard up-hill pull. The country-bred woman grew weary battling with the unfriendly life of the city, and before many months she too passed away.

So, when Joe was twelve and Kitty was ten, they had to begin to make their own way in the world. Joe found work, and friends as well. The latter were almost as important as the former. For instance, the landlord who let them have this room at the lowest possible cost was a friend. It was not a large or magnificent room, but it possessed the advantage of being on the ground floor where Kitty could easily be carried out of doors and into the little yard. And the yard, except for being confined, was pleasant in summer-time, gay with bloom from

slips given them by a generous florist friend. It was so pretty that the neighbors loved to gather there in the evenings.

At present, the room was bright with plants, and when the first streak of sunshine gleamed through the one window, this May morning, it fell in warm patches among the fuchsias and geraniums.

Kitty looked up with a smile. "Oh! isn't it nice to be breakfasting by daylight," she said.

That was Kitty's way. She never made contrasts unless favorable to present conditions. Throughout the dark winter mornings there would be no allusion to the advantage of rising by daylight. In fact, under those circumstances, Kitty was quite capable of extolling the charms of a kerosene lamp.

Joe nodded appreciatively and sniffed the air — such as it was — which came through the open window.

"Seems as if you could smell the fresh grass, don't it?" he said.

Kitty's wan little face lighted up with pleas-

ure. "Don't it just!" she exclaimed. "Oh, I wonder when —" She broke off in some confusion. It was n't fair to consider the indefinite, when it was all Joe could do to maintain this modest room.

"You wonder when we 'll be able to move into the country?" Joe answered cheerfully. "Before very long, I guess. You see, I 'll be rising in the business, and buying out the boss, one of these days. Then of course I 'll have a big country estate."

They both laughed. It was amusing to dream of the impossible.

A small gray cat uncoiled itself from beneath the table and sprang into Kitty's lap. The child caressed it tenderly.

"Scamp and Dearie would like it," she said.

In response, a little yellow bird twittered from among the plants. He had flown against the window, breaking his wing, a year before, and had been their companion ever since. The cat too in her kittenhood had sought refuge from a cruel world at their door. These two seemed to realize that they were fortunate

sharers in a common lot and were on the best of terms.

"Well!" Joe said, as he set down his empty cup with an air of satisfaction, "what shall I bring you home to-day?"

Kitty leaned back and folded her hands in meditation. "Let me think," she said.

This dialogue was neither so sad nor so humorous as it might appear to the casual listener. In spite of money being a rare commodity, it was seldom that Joe returned from his day's work empty-handed. Sometimes it was a new plant that he brought, or a precious flower carefully wrapped in paper against the winter cold. Sometimes it was a luscious apple from the corner stand. The old fruit-vender always sent his best to Kitty. But the most frequent gifts, and perhaps the most highly prized, were magazines and papers. In the two years that they had occupied this small room, Kitty had filled some of the lonely hours by cutting out pictures and stories wherever she could find them, and pasting them in a scrap-book.

"Well," Kitty said complacently, after a

moment's thought, "to-day I 'd like you to bring me a dog."

Joe whistled, then looked into the small, elfish face, to see if laughter were lurking there. "Are n't you aiming rather high?" he asked.

"Oh no! it might be just a little dog, one that nobody wanted."

"One that somebody had thrown carelessly on the ash-heap, I suppose you mean," Joe answered.

"Yes, that kind would do. Poor little thing — I'd love to take care of it."

It was with this thought in mind that Joe, suddenly turning a corner on his evening round, came upon a sad-eyed collie standing listlessly, watching the passers-by. As the boy approached, the dog drew back apprehensively. Joe understood dog nature, so he stood still and put out his hand quietly.

"Hullo, old fellow," he said in a reassuring voice.

Scottie — for it was he — considered a moment, then came over and sniffed at the stranger's feet and hands. Finally he sat on his

haunches and gave his paw. Instinct told him that this boy was to be trusted, and it had been a long, hard day, with no food or kind words.

Joe stroked the dog's head. "Poor old boy," he said. "You 're lost, all right, though you 're not just the kind Kitty was talking about. You 've had tough luck, and it 's a hard old world to knock up against—*I* know. Come on home with me, and Kitty and I 'll take care of you."

"Funny," he mused as they made their way through the crowded streets together, "that Kit should have just been asking for a dog to-day. I wonder if I just happened to notice him because I had this in mind."

Wiser folk than Joe might dispute as to whether such a matter is one of coincidence, or whether these opportunities are constantly in our way if we only "have them in mind."

Kitty's first exclamation was of surprise. "Oh, my!" she said, staring with very round eyes at the newcomer.

"I know he 's big," Joe admitted apologetically, "but he 's the best I could find."

Scottie looked apologetic too, and doubtful of his welcome, so that Kitty hastened to reassure them.

"He 's beautiful," she cried; "but, oh, Joe, how lost he looks!"

They brought him food, hoping to cheer him. He took it courteously and ate it without haste, as a gentleman should.

"He seems too fine for us, don't he?" Kitty said, watching him, "just like one of the aristocracy."

"Yes," Joe answered. "He 's not the kind they throw away. They 'll be coming for him before long, I 'm thinking."

"Oh, they shan't!" Kitty cried, flinging her arms round the dog's neck. "He 's mine, for ever and ever."

When they went to bed that night, Scottie slept beside her cot so that she might reach out and touch him in the darkness.

# XXV

## NEW FRIENDS AND OLD

Joe had gone to work, and Kitty had finished her house-cleaning. Sweeping, dusting, and the putting away of dishes is not the simplest process in the world when you are confined to a wheel-chair — and an odd, jiggly little wheel-chair at that. Kitty, however, had become an expert in management, and her optimism caused her to rejoice in the smallness of the room which she had to tidy and the limited number of dishes to be "done up." Certainly there is a bright side to everything, if one only can see it.

Now Kitty was seated at the table, her beloved scrap-book before her, magazines and papers around her, and a bowl of flour paste within easy reach.

Scottie lay on the floor at her feet. Occasionally he blinked at the gray cat which, pretending it was a kitten again, was playing

with a ball of string, or a twitter from the bird flitting among the flowers would make him prick up his ears and listen. But mostly he dozed, for he was very tired, and was in no mood for pioneering. And in his wakeful moments the voice of this quiet child was sweet to his ear.

"You see," she was saying, for she found the dog a very comfortable listener, "this is almost the dearest thing I own, it 's so full of pictures and stories that I love. There 's this picture of the castle on the hill, with a beautiful lady leaning out of the window, waving to some one. There 's no story that goes with it, so Joe and I have made up one. You see," she went on, lowering her voice to a whisper, "we pretend she 's a princess who lives all alone in that splendid castle, surrounded by lots and lots of country." Kitty stretched out her arms as though to suggest space without limit.

"But, for all it 's so fine, the princess is lonely, and one day when Joe and I appear at the foot of the hill, out looking for a home,

you know, she waves to us — that 's just what she 's doing in the picture — and asks us to come up and live with her. And of course we go," Kitty concluded, folding her hands with a contented sigh, and leaning back to enjoy the dream in all its beauty.

Presently she remembered that there was work of the moment which demanded attention, and she turned to the papers and began snipping here and there as she found something which pleased her.

In one paper she discovered a child's story which she liked, so she cut out the columns carefully and began smearing paste upon the back. Suddenly she stopped in her work and sat motionless, with brush poised in air. She had been about to apply it for the final daub when her eye was caught by the following advertisement : —

LOST. — A yellow collie dog, with white markings on breast and head. Answers to name of "Scottie." Finder will receive liberal reward by returning to

GUENDOLYN GRAHAM,
THE HOMESTEAD, ————.

The place mentioned was several hundred miles away, Kitty knew, and the paper was six months old.

There were innumerable yellow collies in the country, Kitty told herself, any number of which might be lost. It was out of the question, and yet — this printed scrap stared her persistently in the face.

She moved restlessly. "Scottie," she whispered under her breath.

The dog stirred and lifted his head.

"Scottie!" she called more boldly.

The dog jumped up, came to her, and laid his head on her knees, staring eagerly into her face. Again the atmosphere of home and old associations was surrounding him. The child had spoken his name.

But it did not seem to make her happy, as it made him. She pressed her head against his. "Guendolyn Graham," she cried. "She sounds rich, and I know she 's got lots of other dogs and horses, and does n't need you the way I do. She shan't have you!" she stormed with sudden fury, which made her thin face look

quite wild. "Joe shan't see the notice." And forgetting for the moment that it was to have been pasted face downward in the book, she crushed the paper in her hand and stuffed it into the drawer.

Thus will jealousy transform the gentlest nature.

"What 's the trouble, Sis ?" Joe asked that evening before he had been five minutes in the room.

"Nothing that I know of," Kitty answered.

"Have you had a lot of pain to-day?" Joe persisted, as he looked into the pale face.

"No more than usual."

Questioning could not wring the secret from her. When they sat at the supper-table, however, while Joe munched and shared with Scottie his hot corn bread, and Kitty's lay untouched before her, the little girl suddenly pulled open the drawer and drew forth the crumpled paper.

"I can't keep it from you any longer," she sobbed. "I thought I could, but I 'd feel it on my conscience always."

Joe took the paper and spread it out on the table, then read the advertisement carefully.

"Sounds like him, does n't it?" he said slowly ; then he called the dog by name, and Scottie again eagerly responded, rising upon his hind legs and burrowing his head on Joe's shoulder.

In spite of having been a newsboy on city streets for two years, Joe was honest, and he saw but one thing to do. A notification must be sent at once to the homestead.

This was no easy matter. Writing at all times was difficult to Joe and Kitty, whose schooling had been of a smattering character. Now, to make it even more complicated, there was a delicate question involved. One must be worldly minded enough to consider the possibility that a dishonest person, and not the rightful owner, might put in a claim.

Joe went in search of pencil and paper, then drew up his chair beside Kitty's at the table, and after long deliberation the following letter was evolved.

3 Ruby Street
1 Floor back

Dear Lady

We have just sene yure notis in the paper. We think we have just got yure dog. If he is yures we hop you will come for him [Kitty demurred, saying that they did n't hope anything of the kind, but Joe persisted]. He seems very loansome as if he was looking for his friends all the time but O! dear lady if he isnt your dog pleas don't say he is becuz we love him verry much. Yours respectfuly

Joe and Kitty Lane.

At the homestead the arrival of this letter caused wild excitement. Miss Judith with trembling voice called the Judge upon the telephone, nor was the voice which answered hers a whit steadier. Miss Judith had found that in these dark months her eyes had often strayed toward a vacant spot by the dining-room doorway, and a glad young voice had echoed in her ears, "You 'll love him one of these days, Aunt Judy dear ; you can't help it."

Guen, at present, after the first flush of elation, dared not let herself hope. The bitter disappointment which Beverly's second telegram had caused, following his first exciting message, had taught her that it was safer to expect nothing.

However, in a very short time after the receipt of the children's letter, Guen and her father and the Doctor were speeding upon their way to the distant city.

It was a tense Guen who looked eagerly out of the window as the train reached its journey's end. Her dark eyes seemed trying to penetrate the depths of the great mysterious city with its glaring lights, flinging it a challenge to give up its secret.

The Judge patted her hand as though she were still a child. "We'll find him," he whispered.

The Doctor scarcely dared offer encouragement, but he leaned close, as he had done more than once on the journey, so that she might feel the strength of his presence.

Then came Beverly, to whom they had tele-

graphed to meet them and to guide them on the long drive through the slums. He was glowing with hope and enthusiasm. He was sure that the dog was Scottie. (Very likely, Guen thought, wistfully, but Scottie might still be roaming about the city, and this dog be an impostor.)

She did not give voice to her doubts, however, and Beverly described how Scottie had left him that early morning. What more likely than that these children should have found him? Yes, it was a long distance, and a poor quarter of the town, but the dog probably would travel a good way. And so on and on; and in the midst of it, he contrived in an undertone not to be overheard to inquire for Helen Marshall, and Guen replied that she was very well and had wished to come with them.

Then Beverly suddenly thrust his head out of the window and told the driver to turn to the left. Apparently Ruby Street was not often frequented by carriage folk. They swung around the corner and down an ill-paved, dimly lighted street, and drew up before the

door of a shambling structure which an interested lounger designated as number three.

At the first floor back Joe and Kitty were eagerly listening for the sound of wheels. It was past their customary bed-time, but a telegram, also an unusual event in Ruby Street, had announced that the visitors would arrive at about nine o'clock.

What would they be like? How many would there be? The children had asked each other countless questions in the anxious period of waiting.

Joe had brushed his hair very smooth for the occasion, and put on a stiff collar and a flaming pink tie.

Kitty had borrowed a fresh white apron from a more affluent neighbor. "I can't be stylish," she had explained, "but I will try to look neat and have my room tidy."

Certainly she had succeeded, and with the plants and the lamplight and the singing of the kettle ("for they might want a cup of tea, you know, after their journey"), there even was an air of cheeriness, too.

Scottie was the first to hear the cab. He had been on the alert all evening, knowing that something unusual was astir.

Now, before Joe or Kitty had caught the first faint sound of wheels, he was listening at the window.

"Yes!" Joe cried, jumping up, "he's right. I hear something too, Kit."

A moment later they heard steps in the side alley approaching their door.

Kitty turned pale. "Oh, Joe!" she whispered, "supposing Scottie does n't really belong to them, how are we to know?"

"Watch him," Joe answered promptly; "we 'll find out soon enough."

Then he went to open the outside door and to guide the visitors up the rickety steps.

Scottie, growling, turned to follow him, then came back and stationed himself by Kitty's side.

They both sat motionless, listening.

"Thank you, I can see very well," a sweet, low voice was saying in the entry. "Ah, is *this* the room?"

Scottie started and pricked up his ears. Involuntarily Kitty clasped him tight.

Then Joe ushered the strangers in — the four most aristocratic persons, Kitty decided at a glance, whom she ever had seen. The graceful girl with dark, eager eyes, the gray-haired gentleman beside her, the two tall young men who followed, made a distinguished group.

Kitty was painfully conscious of her inability to rise, but in a moment she forgot herself in her interest at watching the others.

The beautiful girl stood still in the doorway. "Scottie?" she whispered in a questioning voice, for she was not quite sure; she had had so many disappointments.

The dog stirred, looked at Kitty until she relaxed her grasp, then moved slowly across the room. He paused at the girl's feet, sniffed her gently, looked into her face as one who says, "Surely I have known you before."

Suddenly his lady's arms were around him. "Scottie! Scottie darling!" she cried, — and Joe and Kitty no longer felt any doubt, — "you have n't forgotten Missy!"

The ringing voice, the sympathetic touch, were like none other he had ever known. Now he remembered; and he sprang into her arms, made loving snatches at her face, and whimpered in the old-time way.

Guen did not notice Joe's proffer of a chair, but sank on the floor with Scottie's head in her lap, and laughed and cried over him.

Meanwhile Beverly was asking Joe how he had come upon this dog, which he saw at once was his own friend; and when that was understood he joined Clayton, who was sitting beside Kitty, inquiring tactfully about her accident, how long it had been that she could n't walk, and what had been done for her at the hospital. The usually reticent child was soon talking freely, and telling her life-story to the two interested young doctors.

The Judge, meantime, was questioning Joe concerning his work: what he did for a living, and what he would like to do, — two widely differing occupations, the Judge quickly divined by the boy's flushed face and eager answers.

After a while, Guen and Scottie rose from the floor. "We 've been very selfish," the girl said, " but very happy."

Scottie courteously made acknowledgments to each of the strangers in turn. Gradually he remembered them all, — the kind Judge who had been his first friend, the genial Doctor to whom he had given allegiance for his lady's sake, and the scientist who had befriended him and whom he had deserted. For this perfidy he gave apology with outstretched paws, and begged forgiveness.

Then he turned to survey the group. Guen was now sitting by Kitty's chair, and with a deep sigh of contentment he flung himself upon the floor beside them.

To the casual observer, Guen would have appeared too absorbed in Scottie to have noticed anything else, but in reality there was not a detail of the little room which had escaped her attention.

Wisely discerning that the Doctor had talked to the child about her infirmity, she avoided that subject. So she asked her about her cat,

her bird, and her flowers, soon discovered that her home had been in the country, and asked her if she would like to live there again.

"Wouldn't I just!" Kitty answered fervently.

"Would you like to come with Joe and live in a little house on a big place, close to Scottie and the rest of us?"

The child stared at this wonderful being with great fascinated eyes. Then suddenly she buried her face in her hands and began to sob.

"Oh, Joe," she cried, "it's come true at last. The princess has come to take us home."

Scottie, knowing that this was an intense moment for his little benefactress, rose and rested his head upon the child's knee.

"Scottie darling, they're coming to live with us," Guen said. It was all arranged in a moment, in that way of hers, and Scottie, in his way, understood.

So, a little later in the evening, the leave-taking was a happy one, and Joe and Kitty sped Scottie gayly homeward.

# XXVI

## HOME AGAIN

A MONTH afterward Scottie lay under the shady beech trees on the rise which topped the homestead meadow. It was a warm June afternoon, and he was pleasantly tired.

There had been excitement all day long, and at last Guen had driven away in a carriage with the Doctor, while their older friends waved them good-by from the steps, and their younger friends followed them half-way down the avenue, pelting them with sweet June roses. Every one was very happy about it and wished them godspeed. Scottie had joined in the procession and barked till they were out of sight. He was happy too, for somehow he understood that the parting was not for long.

When Guen was dressing in her room to go away, with himself and Helen as her only companions, she had clasped him close as though she could not bear to give him up.

"Good-by, old darling," she whispered. "Missy 's coming back to you very soon."

And Scottie put up his face to hers and promised to wait contentedly.

"I think he rather likes weddings!" Helen had remarked, making Guen laugh merrily and say that was fortunate, as he soon would be going to another. At which Helen had blushed furiously and answered, "Nothing of the sort."

Scottie had n't quite understood it all, but he knew that his dear girls were glad, so he had thumped his tail and rejoiced with them.

Now he was enjoying the late afternoon breeze which had sprung up, and also there was plenty to watch from this vantage ground.

Outside the little red cottage, half-way down the slope, he could see Kitty sitting on the soft turf, playing with the gray cat. Their house had already become a second home to Scottie. Presently there sounded a clear whistle, and Joe came through the pasture bars and drove the cows into the big farm barn.

Then wonder of wonders! Kitty clambered

to her feet and followed him. Yesterday, even, she had not been able to walk so steadily, when Scottie had accompanied the Doctor on his daily visit to her. It was Clayton's skill which had wrought this miracle.

Now Scottie wanted to go and offer congratulations, but he was torn in his feelings. Out of the tail of his eye he was watching the Judge, who, seated on the piazza with Miss Judith, was comfortably smoking a cigar.

At any moment he might rise and suggest a walk. Just then he did, and Scottie bounded to him to accompany him on one of those delightful farm rambles which included the chicken-house, the rabbit-pen, and the kitchen-yard where his lady's pensioners were still enjoying life in their apathetic way. Finally they wound up with a call upon Joe and Kitty, who even urged Scottie to pass the night at the cottage.

He acknowledged the invitation with courtesy, but felt that his responsibilities prevented his accepting, and, with much dignity, he escorted the Judge back to the homestead.

So the happy months slipped by, and gradually Scottie grew sound and sleek again and the hunted look faded from his eyes.

Sometimes, it is true, he would wake with a start from a terrifying dream, but generally Guen would be close at hand to comfort him, or there were always other friends to visit.

For, as time went on, their circle increased. A wonderful thing happened, which proved once more the smallness of the world. The Mahony family turned out to be intimate friends of Joe and Kitty, and had taken care of them in their early days of city life as generously as they afterwards had taken care of Scottie.

Of course Guen became interested in the stories of this promising family, so as a gardener was about to leave, Tim Mahony was given his place ; and soon they all were transplanted and established in another farm cottage. Each child found work that he or she could do about the place. For that, Guen, from what she had heard of their powers, was fully prepared ; but she was not prepared for the fact that Scottie would find in each member of

the family, from the cheery mother down to the least baby, an old friend who greeted him enthusiastically.

"No, he would n't stay with us, the darrlint!" said Mrs. Mahony, telling Guen of the episode, with her arms around Scottie. "It 's no wonder he wanted to get back to ye, when we see what he was givin' up!"

On the knoll not far from the homestead, builders were at work upon a new house, for Helen Marshall was to marry Tom Beverly, and the Judge had given them part of his land as a wedding gift.

There was something, always, for Scottie to see and to enjoy; accordingly if, as time went on, the lure of forest and field grew less strong, he was too contented to be aware of the change.

One day, as he dozed on the garden path, Guen came to him, pushing a perambulator. Inside was something small and pink which he was called upon to admire. He did so because he knew that it was very dear to Guen; but it was an odd little thing, which cried when he

came too near and roared when he went away, and had tiny fingers which clutched his hair eagerly, and which, in spite of their smallness, had an extraordinary grip.

Later Guen and the Doctor went abroad and took the little atom with them. It seemed a droll traveling companion to Scottie, but he was not jealous, and he was happy with his other friends and his many ties.

Another summer day they came home. Scottie again was napping in a shady corner of the garden, when he was wakened by a pattering step on the gravel path behind him.

A sweet baby voice cried, "Cottie, Cottie!" and a lovely little girl flung herself upon him rapturously with all her mother's caressing ways.

Then a dearer, more familiar voice called, "Guennie! have you found him, pet?" and then, "Scottie! My own precious Scottie! Together again!" And once more his lady's arms were around him.

ONCE MORE HIS LADY'S ARMS WERE AROUND HIM